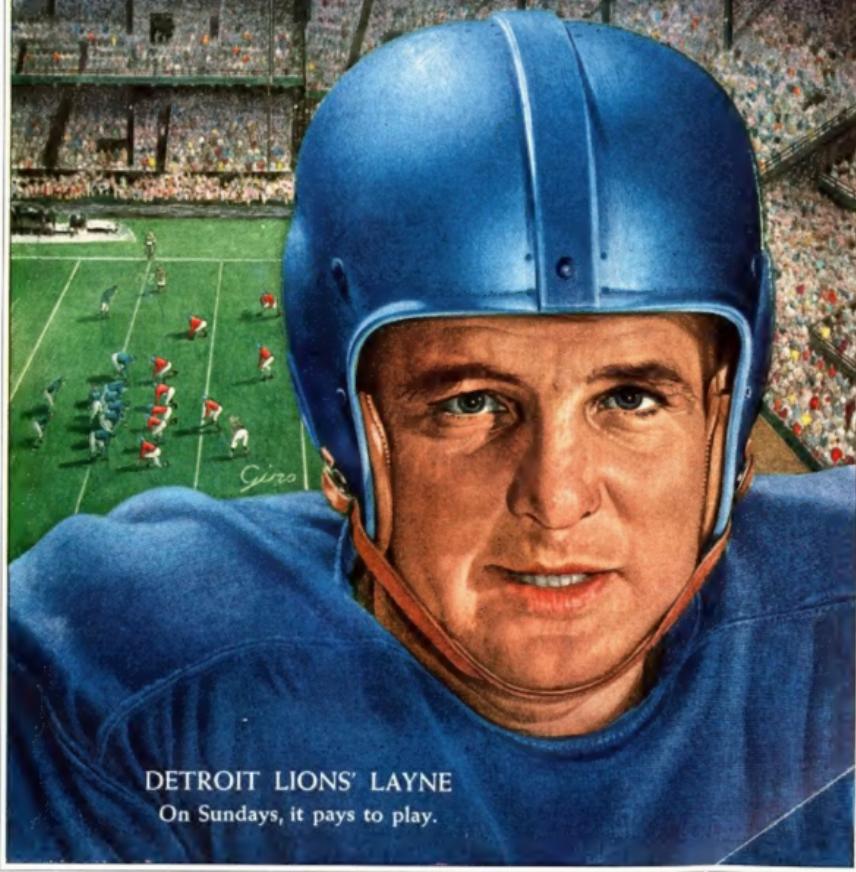


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NOVEMBER 29, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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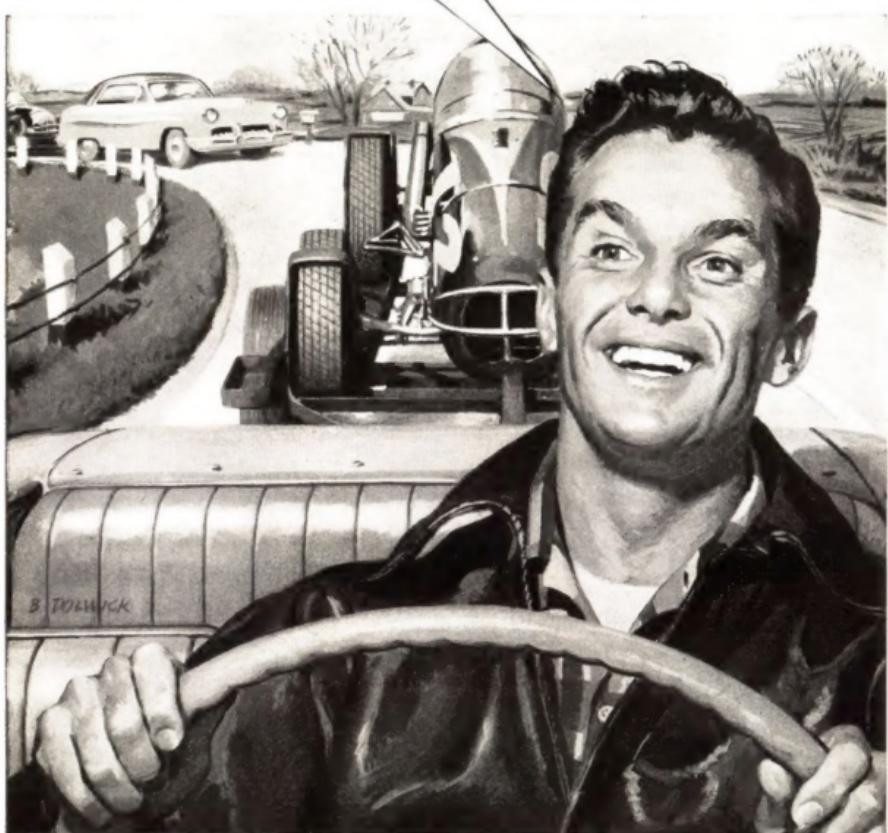
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LETTERS

The Election & After

Sir:

Wasn't it amazing how the pollsters, observers and interpreters thought exactly like the marvelous mechanical brain? A rather pertinent reminder that juggling statistics is not necessarily logical reasoning. Just feed the same statistics, trends and facts into any number of minds and all will rearrange them into the same pattern, and though there may not be a single real thought or reasonable observation in the lot, the pattern is accepted as profound logic . . .

MRS. ALICE J. BROCKWAY
Bakersfield, Calif.

Sir:

The election would seem to prove that the majority of voters prefer a wartime economy (with their sons driving tanks instead of trucks or plows) and higher taxes rather than an era of peace which has brought greatly reduced taxes, the abolition of war, and has added 10 million citizens to the Social Security rolls. What the Eisenhower Administration has accomplished is a marvel of efficiency . . . Are we to see the plans and program of President Eisenhower ruined so that we may return to another Democratic regime in 1956? And to another war, as we have had in every Democratic Administration in this century? Only in that way can we have their kind of "full-time employment."

MAUDE G. PALMER
Springfield, Ill.

Sir:

Last year Mr. Adlai Stevenson said: "He who throws mud usually loses ground." . . . In the last month of recent campaigning, Mr. Stevenson seemed to throw a good deal of mud towards the opposition. As a result, perhaps he will not have as secure a toehold as he might like to in 1956.

DAVID FENTRESS OTT
Providence, R.I.

Sir:

"Republicans can argue that Democratic gains were held down to a point well below the normal off-year loss of the party in power" [TIME, Nov. 15]. This Democrat hopes that the Republicans enjoy such "victories" every year . . .

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

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Sir:

. . . Although UNIVAC's early predictions gave the Democrats a greater margin in the Senate than he or anyone else found reasonable as the night wore on, his basic forecast that the Democrats would control both Houses of Congress stood up. UNIVAC stuck to his guns on this, while newspaper editions and human analysts switched back and forth with every new return . . . We learn something each time, and hope that by 1956 UNIVAC's performance will be even more accurate.

CHARLES COLLINGWOOD

CBS Television
New York City

The Crytic's Tale

Sir:

Forsooth, if I never read another, that film review of *The Black Knight* by your Camelot correspondent [TIME, Nov. 8] is the finest piece of nonsense I have ever laid eyes on. If that doesn't stop these medieval cowboy films then nothing will . . .

STANLEY FRAMPTON

London

Sir:

. . . I have longge bin of a mynde that Holly Woode mayhap shold tayke a powddre . . .

ARELENE BRADSTREET

Bath, N.Y.

Sir:

Yon Tyme reviewer, late from Camelot, Dolus pleasure me no ende. 'Tis true, God wot,

He bathed each picture in such a light That, though he be no "parfait gentil knight,"

His tongue-in-cheek reporte did me delight;

For suche a wan, though percing to the rote,

Be better far than manye a maudlin sote.

MARTHA LEWIS BARKOFF

New Orleans

The H-Bomb Delay

Sir:

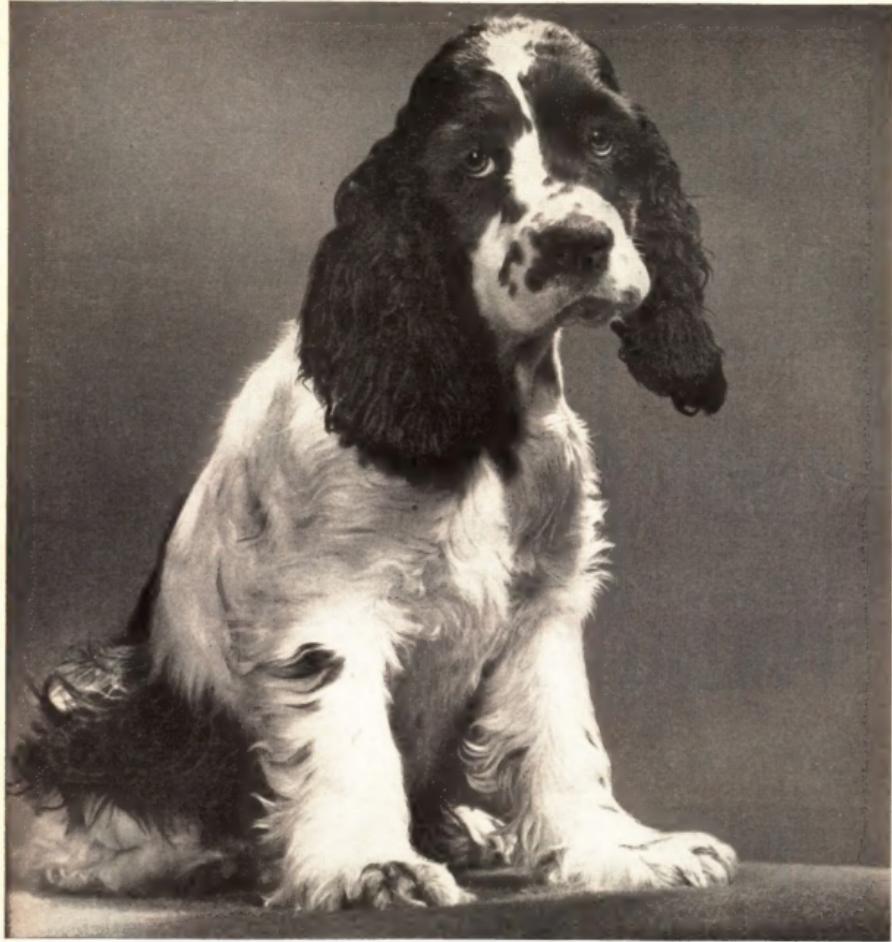
. . . So long as Soviet Communism persists, the future of Western civilization and of Christianity itself will depend utterly on the progress of science, wherefore on our

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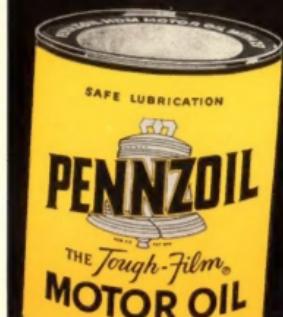
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scientists . . . Our scientists live and work by a philosophy of freedom. Most of the leading wizards who have so far kept us ahead in the atomic race fled here from military dictation and just such assault as the Shepley-Blair "report" which TIME [Nov. 8] defends. Their attitudes cannot be evaluated by people who do not understand their scientific credo. They cannot work well under regimentation: you can lead a free scientist to water but you cannot make him think. Soviet scientists have a different philosophy . . . They have a different drive, a furious feeling of alleged inferiority, and they are rewarded, respected and honored above virtually all other Soviet citizens! TIME seems to be "unconsciously" busy in opposing those very scientists and their intellects upon which and whom depend TIME . . . and 160 million incidents such as the undersigned.

PHILIP WYLIE

Miami, Fla.

¶ TIME neither consciously nor "unconsciously" opposes any free quest for knowledge, believes that security is the concern of all 163 million free U.S. citizens, including free scientists.—ED.

Sir:

. . . I am a Detroit tool and die maker, and as such have built dies and fixtures for various new military developments. No one asked me to pass moral judgment on these projects. They handed me the blueprints, they ordered the steel, and told me to make a delivery date . . . Now I'll grant that building an atomic bomb requires a higher order of intelligence than die making, but . . . the atomic scientists and Detroit's die makers are links in the same chain. The atomic scientist, for all his education (and probably finer moral development), is no more entitled to obstructionist tactics than the lowest sweeper in the smallest die shop. We elect men to establish policy. We hire others to carry these policies out. Just because they are in hell do these physicists think they are? . . .

DANIEL B. DALLAS

Royal Oak, Mich.

The Uneasy Scientists (Contd.)

Sir:

Doubtless your Nov. 1 article on "The Uneasy Scientists" will worry many a pulp-headed liberal. These sacred beings are being shackled, muzzled, harassed, etc. by military bureaucrats, politicians, officials, etc. Before falling suckers to this woolly-headed whine about thought control, let us all ponder an item in the Education section of your same issue, which reveals that a sample of 15 U.S. scientists showed two-thirds ignorant of the most elementary history and literature in philosophy. It is bad enough that scientists presenting themselves for a Doctorate of Philosophy should be crassly unaware of the meanest elements of our cultural heritage, but it is alarming that these new Piltdown Men . . . should claim the right to unsupervised authority over us all. These people don't need authority. They need a course in elementary logic, a McGuffey's Reader and perhaps a Gideon Bible . . .

H. A. LEE

New York City

Gone with the Goonies

Sir:

The opening sentence in your Nov. 8 goony bird story, which described this erratic but Pacific aviator as "an odd but charming creature which serves no useful purpose at all," was somewhat disturbing. Although I do not consider myself a bird fancier, the statement sets off a few serious

overtones. What is the useful purpose of a starling, a hedgehog, or indeed, TIME's Science writer?

ROBERT LASSEN

Bechtelsville, Pa.

Sir:

. . . The goony bird . . . "serves no useful purpose . . ." Isn't Dr. Philip DuMont of the Fish & Wildlife Service, thanks to this bird, getting a trip to Midway and a respite from the odd but not so charming goons of Washington? . . .

C. LAURENCE SHEPLEY

Philadelphia

Sir:

Fortunate, indeed, that Dr. DuMont will not resort to "simple slaughter" in his farce on the Midway Island goony bird. For the weird and depth-charge-happy submariner of World War II, this monstrosity produced desperately needed mental therapy, belly laughs and sheer astonishment as they ambled through their repertoire of screwball antics . . .

World War II has many grievous memories, but for those who ever did a tour on the "Rock" (persistently ignored by USO troupes and widely ballyhooed "name" entertainers), no fonder memories exist than those regarding that fabulous creature, Nature's caricature of humanity: the goony bird.

DOUG S. WILSON

Ketchikan, Alaska

Sir:

Re your footnote relating to the Air Transport Command's solution of the sooty tern problem on Ascension Island during the war: I have always heard rumors that they did a very thorough job of simply throwing rocks at the birds—in fact, they did so well that they left no tern unstoned.

STANLEY D. VER NOOY JR.

Bergenfield, N.J.

Organized Charity

Sir:

Re the Nov. 8 report on organized charity: We do need the big Community Chests, but we must not minimize the tremendous contribution of the hundreds of devoted smaller groups who do not "hit" the whole community but who direct their campaigns at limited circles of selected . . . persons and concentrate on specific tasks and areas of service. What these groups need is more know-how on fund raising. Many of them are woefully amateurish and wasteful (and annoying) in their money-raising effort.

HENRY L. McCARTHY

Commissioner

Department of Welfare
New York City

Sir:

TIME is to be congratulated on its article . . . Our major health organizations, presenting independent appeals and operating outside the uniformed control of local federated fund-raising groups, are our best hope of conquering mankind's leading diseases. They offer the individual the precious sense of participation in something that is vital and dynamic. They create a national awareness of outstanding medical problems. They show the individual how he can protect his own health . . .

BRUCE BARTON

New York City

Sir:

Your remark . . . that Seeing Eye rattled tambourines "too well," raising in five years \$2,000,000 more than needed (enough, you say, to provide . . . 1,300 dogs), is a body blow to the efforts of those of us who hope



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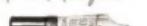
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to put the school on a stable endowment basis. The economy of many of us who use the dogs now rests squarely on the stability of Seeing Eye. \$2,000,000 is just about enough to keep it going six years—hardly a conquest of the endowment problem . . .

HECTOR CHEVIGNY

New York City

Flipping Recap

Sir:

What a gas it was to pick up a copy of your crazy mag and glam Dave Brubeck on the cover [Nov. 8]. At last those of us who dig the modernists won't receive gleepin' stares when we mention Brubeck or Rogers . . . These cats are the wailin'est! Thanks for your flipping recap of the '54 jazz scene.

ADRIENNE GRIFFIN

Indianapolis

Sir:

. . . Although Brubeck may be one of the best-known jazz pianists among a pseudosophisticated, flannel-clad collegiate set, he is far from the best of the modernists. Compared with the sublime simplicity of a Chet Baker or an Oscar Peterson, Brubeck's pretentious key-switching and borrowing of classical themes is a bit affected . . .

PHIL WEINBERG

Philadelphia

Sir:

. . . One feels that the "new jazz" is too avant-garde for the average cat. The jazz ground swell of the '30s found joints and after-hours sessions in every U.S. city and made a crossroads town. Everybody who cared could get hip and come on without a doctor's degree and a libretto. It wasn't cool, man, but it was solid—a real ball.

LESTER BERGER

New Canaan, Conn.

Sir:

I needed that dictionary of "cat" jargon—if only to help me understand what my children are talking about. I deplore the senselessness of it all, sigh resignedly, and wish that today's boasters would be more specific and less prolific . . .

PAULA MARAN

Detroit

New Directions (Contd.)

Sir:

. . . I have never felt the urge to write a letter to TIME until I read Max J.K. Clark's letter in your Nov. 8 issue. It is a masterpiece. As long as we have Max J.K. Clarks, things will be all right with these United States . . . His slice of Americana [is] superlative.

HELEN M. DONOVAN

New York City

Sir:

On behalf of at least a million of your readers: Did Max J.K. Clark give the Wall-Street-bound panhandler the two bits?

LEWIS A. LINCOLN

Kansas City, Mo.

The Battle of Detroit (Contd.)

Sir:

"The Battle of Detroit" [TIME, Nov. 11] was a very interesting article and, most assuredly, will have proved to be of great use to many of your readers. I have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Harlow Curtice, but he is the kind of man whose kindly, cheery pictures create confidence and suggest that he is one with whom businessmen would like to be associated.

HARRY FERGUSON

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Existence

All over the world, from Moscow to Peking and on to Washington, the theme rose like a red-hot tune moving up in the Hit Parade. The title was a pleasant one: *Peaceful Coexistence*. In the notes and comment that passed between Washington and Moscow, the tone was more conciliatory than it had been at any time since the end of World War II. Said the Soviet magazine *Kommunist*: "The need for peaceful coexistence is especially imperative now, because the alternative would be bloody and destructive war." Said the President of the U.S., as he pleaded for greater international understanding: "Through every possible means we must strive to build an honorable peace."

The soft talk brought some hard thoughts to many a worried U.S. head. Senate Majority Leader William Knowland feared that the U.S. might be admitting a Communist "Trojan horse." General Mark Clark, former commander of United Nations forces in Korea, warned that a "tough" approach to Communism is the best way to prevent another war.

Despite the cries of alarm there was no indication that key officials of the Western alliance were being fooled by coos from Moscow. In Britain, Sir Anthony Eden concluded that there has been some welcome relaxation of tension, but "there has so far been no modification whatever of Soviet policy." U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, joining Mendès-France in rejecting the Russian attempt to delay ratification of Western agreements on rearming Germany, said he had discovered no gentle conduct beneath the soft words. In his best Engine Charlie style, U.S. Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson had a down-to-earth formula: "coexistence," but not "cohabitation."

REPUBLICANS

Abdication on the Hill

In the midst of the debate on censuring Joe McCarthy, one day last week, Senate Majority Leader William Knowland suddenly claimed the floor. Adjusting the lectern on his desk and fingering a prepared text, Knowland aroused momentary hope that at last some Republican leadership was about to be displayed on the McCarthy issue. What he had to say soon dashed that hope, startled his colleagues on both sides of the aisle.

Although he had urged the Senate to shun non-McCarthy matters during the special censure session, Knowland had an issue of "greater importance" to discuss. He feared that the U.S. was being lulled into a blind policy of coexistence with Soviet Russia that would ultimately lead to Communist conquest. Then he made an astonishing proposal: Committees of the



SENATE MAJORITY LEADER KNOWLAND
Four heads are three too many.

84th Congress, early next year, should "summon the State and Defense officials and the Joint Chiefs of Staff to fully inquire into our foreign and defense policy to find out where in their judgment it will take us and whether . . . a basic change in the direction of our policy is warranted."

Delight Across the Aisle. Across the aisle, delighted Democrats (Texas' Lyndon Johnson, Missouri's Stuart Symington, Illinois' Paul Douglas) leaped up to congratulate and commend Knowland. They had good reason. No one on Capitol Hill had ever expected a majority leader of the U.S. Senate to 1) intimate that his own Administration's foreign and defense policies were dangerous, and 2) demand an investigation by committees controlled by the opposite party.

At the White House and at the State Department, President Eisenhower and

Secretary of State Dulles had trouble containing their anger. Dulles thought foreign policy should be re-examined constantly, but he knew of no emergency that called for a congressional investigation. At the President's direction, Press Secretary James Hagerty issued a pointed statement: "The President has always believed that any Senator has a right to differing opinions from his own. He has often told me and said so publicly that he believes we have one of the wisest, most courageous and most dedicated men in our history as Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles."

Although Knowland's warning about the lolling effect of coexistence talk was worth voicing, he had blatantly disregarded the fact that he is not "any Senator." He is the majority leader, who is supposed to represent the Administration on Capitol Hill. This was by no means his first major open difference with Administration policy, e.g., he supported the Bricker amendment, and has repeatedly called for a break in diplomatic relations with Russia. It is not the Knowland practice to argue with Administration officials and then, if he must, publicly disagree. He takes his stand against the Administration without any apparent feeling for party cohesion. In 1944, when long-suffering Alben Barkley rose in the Senate to castigate Franklin Roosevelt's veto of a tax bill, he resigned as majority leader before he sat down. Knowland is unlikely to follow or even understand this example. He gets very little cooperation out of his fellow Republican Senators, partly because he displays no obligation toward the President or the party as a whole.

Sterility at GHQ. There were clear indications last week that the abdication of Republican leadership extends far beyond William Knowland. The best example could be found in the McCarthy censure controversy.

Although Knowland had selected the three Republicans on the censure committee, he was doing nothing whatever to support their recommendations. Instead, he was helping those Senators who wanted to soften the censure resolution. This group included most of the other Republicans who hold official leadership positions in the Senate. Illinois' Everett McKinley Dirksen, chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, was the chief strategist in the move to soften censure, and New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, president pro tempore, stood shoulder to shoulder with Dirksen; Mich-



PREMIER MENDÈS-FRANCE (RIGHT) & FRIENDS
A glass of milk, then a stinger with topping.

Associated Press

igan's Homer Ferguson, chairman of the Policy Committee, and Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall, whip, were in on the consultations. While McCarthy was vilifying Utah's Republican Senator Arthur Watkins, the G.O.P. leaders who drafted Watkins for the censure job turned their backs on him.

While the G.O.P. split on the McCarthy issue, there was no display of leadership from the White House. The 1954 election campaign had no clearer lesson than the dependence of the Republican Party on Eisenhower. But this fact has not been translated into party leadership. The fault was not wholly on the heads of Bill Knowland and his fellow senatorial "leaders." The G.O.P. elephant had developed two—and possibly four—heads, while the White House made no serious effort to enforce party unity.

FOREIGN RELATIONS Salesman's Call

The arrival in Washington of the Premier of France stirred up more than ordinary interest on the part of the public and the public's servants. As he made his official rounds last week, Pierre Mendès-France was greeted everywhere by swarms of curious, often applauding Washingtonians, eager for a glimpse or a snapshot of the most-discussed, most controversial Frenchman since General Charles de Gaulle. Mendès-France had been characterized variously as a fickle Gallic opportunist and as a pin-striped Savonarola who preached hard truths. Preparing to return to France this week, the brisk little Premier had not settled that argument. Administration officials were impressed—but they still had reservations about Pierre Mendès-France.

Before he arrived, rumors reached Washington that Mendès-France was

coming as a sort of Peking Tom, that he would propose U.S. recognition of Red China in exchange for a Red Chinese guarantee to restrain the Viet Minh in tottering Indo-China. In the midst of the rumors, Senator William Knowland interrupted the McCarthy censure debate for a speech on foreign policy (*see above*). But as matters turned out, there

* From left: Secretary of State Dulles, Vice President Nixon, France's Ambassador Bonnet.



MME. MENDÈS-FRANCE
Luncheon and a good humor.

was no cause for alarm: Mendès and Dulles quickly agreed that recognition of Red China was not one of the questions they would discuss.

The inscrutable Premier and his chic wife swam easily through the usual VIP routine of ceremonies, speeches and official wine and dining. At the White House Mendès discussed the Saar agreement with President Eisenhower for nearly an hour, then topped off a steak luncheon with a big glass of milk. At the Senate he was greeted warmly, and at the statue of La Fayette, opposite the White House, he placed a wreath of white chrysanthemums.

While the Premier hustled about Washington, Mme. Mendès-France was busy fulfilling her own social obligations, including tea with Mrs. Eisenhower and a luncheon with Mrs. Dulles. Wherever she went, the Egyptian-born Lily Mendès-France was an instant hit—for her piquant beauty, her gentle good humor, and her dazzling wardrobe of Parisian gowns.

No Flirtation. Mendès-France's most effective public appearance was at a National Press Club luncheon, where he explained France's problems and position in lucid and illuminating fashion. He promised early French ratification of the Paris agreements for a united defense of free Europe, scorned the Soviet proposal for a Pan-European conference and dispelled doubts that he might be thinking of a Franco-Russian flirtation. "As Prime Minister of France," he said, "I am convinced that our number one task is to fight against the deceptive attractions of Communism with the positive weapons of truth, justice and progress."

In the question period that followed his speech, Mendès-France answered the reporters' queries expertly. The final question was a stinger—"Do you think Mr. Dulles would be happier if you were ousted as Premier?"—and Mendès read it with a faint smile. "My suggestion to the author of this very interesting question," he said, "is: the best way to know the answer is to ask Mr. Dulles."

The reply drew a hearty laugh from the press, and Mendès waited for silence, his smile growing broader. ". . . And so I will do this afternoon," he added. The laughter rose again, louder. "And," said Mendès-France finally, "I don't venture to prophesy, but I am quite sure he will say no." That brought down the house.

Envelopes & Doodles. The formal discussions were held in the State Department's Map Room, where the Premier sat with a pile of red envelopes, containing briefing notes, in front of him on the table. Dulles sat opposite, with only a clean scratch-pad at his place. Throughout the discussions Mendès listened with wrenlike intensity, speaking almost entirely in English (more than once he barked out a French phrase to Ambassador Henri Bonnet, who supplied the English for him). Dulles often doodled or whittled on a pencil as the conversations lengthened.

In four days the two statesmen reached

agreement on most major points, ended the conferences with mutual expressions of satisfaction and a joint rejection of Russia's proposed conference. On a few items there was no accord: Dulles, for example, firmly refused to commit U.S. military equipment for European defense to an international arms control agency; for his part, Mendes could not promise that U.S. matériel would not be used in putting down the North African violence. One major item—U.S. aid for South Vietnam—was postponed until after General Lawton Collins, the special U.S. ambassador, has reported from Saigon.

As he left Washington, Mendes had proved again that he is an adroit political salesman. Just as obscure as ever was the nature of his product—and whether he had one.

THE PRESIDENCY

"What I Believe"

President Eisenhower spent most of his working hours last week conferring with Administration officials and congressional leaders on the federal budget, the State of the Union message and the next session of Congress. But his mind, as it has for weeks, seemed to be preoccupied with the idea of peace.

Vivid Dream. Addressing the Association of Land-Grant Colleges and Universities at the Statler Hotel one day last week, Ike said: "There is no dream . . . so vivid as the dream of peace, lasting peace." One essential to the realization of the dream, he said, is "understanding of knowledge rather than mere knowledge." The President said that unless the U.S. makes an effort to understand the culture and history of its neighbors, it will never comprehend why it is so often misunderstood and mistrusted. There was strength in tanks and guns, he added, but there was no lasting peace in arms.

Said Ike: "The most they can do is protect you in what you have for the moment. But we want to progress. We want . . . to raise the standards of the people, its spiritual standards, its intellectual standards, and its capacity for happiness . . . and in so doing, raise the standards of the world . . . Only as we do that, can we look toward permanent peace. You can achieve great progress, of course, by successful conferences addressed to particular things, as long as you are strong, know what you want, and don't deviate from what you know to be right. But over the long term . . . peace is in the hands of the family, the home, the church and the school . . . I hope I have not sounded either visionary or pontifical. I have told you only what I believe."

In the interest of political coexistence on Pennsylvania Avenue, President Eisenhower one day played host to the men in charge on Capitol Hill. Top Republicans and Democrats from both the Senate and the House spent two hours at the White House, heard the President outline a principle and make a promise: he believes that a bipartisan policy on foreign and

military affairs is "essential"; he will inform and consult congressional leaders, including Democrats, before major decisions are made. The Senators and Representatives went back to the hill anticipating a genuine effort toward cooperation and bipartisanship. Said Georgia's old (76) Democrat Walter George, who will head the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee: "We could not have asked for anything more."

Great Experiment. The President also sent to the Senate for ratification the Paris Pacts to restore sovereignty to West Germany and bring her, rearmed, into the Western alliance. It was a great example of a successful international conference, conducted according to the formula of Ike's speech to the land-grant educators. In a message to the Senate, the President

THE CONGRESS Elbow Grease

Last week the members of the Watkins committee, with one defection, stood alone in the active Senate fight for censure of Senator Joe McCarthy. They were also alone in defending their personal honor against the attacks of Joe and his cohorts. The rest of the Senate sat silent—or, in the case of several top Republican leaders, worked for a backroom deal that would save McCarthy.

McCarthy began the week by summoning Utah's Arthur Watkins to appear before the Permanent Investigating Subcommittee. (Among the handful of spectators in the hearing room were Five-Percenter John Maragon, a strong McCarthyite, and Professional Demagogue



PRESIDENT, KENTUCKY COLONEL & GUESTS
"If we got too friendly, I couldn't stand to have him killed."

pointed out that the agreements (which restrict Germany to twelve divisions) will tighten NATO control over all West European nations and foster the dream of European cooperation. Said he: "The agreements endanger no nation. On the contrary, they represent one of history's first great practical experiments in the international control of armaments."

Ike also widened his agricultural horizons last week. A delegation from the National Turkey Federation and the Poultry and Egg National Board presented him with a 43-lb. tom turkey named Kentucky Colonel. The President playfully stroked the bird, then remarked: "I don't dare pet him much. If we got too friendly, I couldn't stand to have him killed." Ike said that he would have to put a tom and a few hens on his Gettysburg farm and had better learn something about turkey farming. One of the association officials promptly gave him a laugh by whipping out and presenting a book entitled *Turkey Management*.

Gerald L.K. Smith.) What, asked McCarthy, did Watkins know about the promotion and honorable discharge of ex-Army Dentist Irving Peress? Replied Watkins: Joe already had the information in his files, in the form of a letter from Army Secretary Robert Stevens naming so officers involved in the Peress case. Scoffed Joe: "I am afraid we are wasting the time of the Senate if that is all the information you have." Said Watkins: "I do not believe you could ever be satisfied unless you can find somebody that ought to be shot or hung."

In the Senate itself that morning, Indiana's G.O.P. Senator William Jenner took the floor to defend McCarthy. Pretending that the six members of the Watkins committee were exclusively responsible for the charges against Joe, Jenner cried in injured tones: "Now we

at Center: Agriculture Secretary Benson; far right: President Perry Browning of the National Turkey Federation.



Harris & Ewing

IDAHOS' WELKER

From cream puffs, Senate toughs.

Senators from all 48 states are obliged to take time they should spend in their constituencies to come here and decide the issue raised by a few members." He neglected to add that 75 Senators—including Jenner—had voted to make the Watkins committee the Senate's agent in considering charges against McCarthy.

Re-election Problems. Bill Jenner was in rare form. He quoted John Stuart Mill, Edmund Burke and Martin Dies. He roared in a voice obviously intended to be heard all the way back in Indiana. He stomped his pointed shoes. He held out his hands and quivered his fingertips. The Watkins committee, he shouted, came close "to recommending the punishment of a member of this body for fighting an alien conspiracy to destroy our nation."

But attention was distracted from Jenner's floor show by a note sent to the press gallery by South Dakota's Republican Senator Francis Case, a Watkins committee member. Case (who is up for re-election in 1956 in a state where McCarthy has powerful political friends) had suddenly changed his mind about censuring Joe for abusing Brigadier General Ralph Zwicker. Case said he had just learned that the Army had honorably discharged Irving Peress the day after receiving a warning letter from McCarthy. Case's switch came despite the fact that the Peress chronology had been public knowledge for months (TIME, March 8). And Case himself had written the part of the censure resolution that referred to treatment of Zwicker.

That afternoon North Carolina's Democratic Senator Samuel Ervin, another member of the censure committee, arose to speak. He recalled that McCarthy had accused him of bias and, as usual, had quoted out of context from newspaper clippings to prove the charge. This habit of Joe's reminded Ervin of the North Carolina preacher who about 75 years ago

deplored the local women's custom of wearing their hair in topknots. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the text: "Top (K)Not Come Down." At the end an irate woman—with a topknot—protested that no such text could be found in the Bible. Whereupon the preacher opened the Scriptures to Matthew 24:17 and read: "Let him which is on the house top not come down to take any thing out of his house."

Moral or Mental. Far from being biased, said Ervin, he "gave Senator McCarthy the benefit of all doubts, both reasonable and unreasonable." Then Ervin moved to another subject: the McCarthy speech (released to the press but never delivered on the Senate floor) calling the Watkins committee the "unwitting handmaiden" of the Communist Party. Said Ervin: "First, if Senator McCarthy made these fantastic and foul



Internat anal

SOUTH DAKOTA'S CASE
From old news, new views.

accusations against the members of the Select Committee without believing them to be true, he attempted to assassinate the character of these Senators, and ought to be expelled from membership in the Senate for moral incapacity. Second, if Senator McCarthy made these fantastic and foul accusations against the six Senators who served on the Select Committee in the honest belief that they were true, then Senator McCarthy was suffering from mental delusions of gigantic proportions, and ought to be expelled from the Senate for mental incapacity."

Cowardice? The next day Arthur Watkins replied to Joe's weekend charges of "cowardice." While Watkins spoke, McCarthy was ostentatious in his absence. Said Watkins, apologizing for his low voice: "If I attempted to make it possible for everyone present to hear me, I would have to shout, and then it might be thought that I was angry. I should

like to be dispassionate in this discussion, even though it involves my own honor."

Since McCarthy had brought up the subject of cowardice, said Watkins, perhaps the Senate should consider Joe's own behavior. Items:

¶ McCarthy had refused to face the Gillette-Hennings subcommittee, which investigated him in 1951-52. He would not be placed under oath or subjected to examination. Instead, he charged the committee members with "dishonesty"—in letters, said Watkins, issued "from the safety of his office."

¶ In a press statement, before the Senate censure debate began, McCarthy called the whole affair a "lynch bee." Again, said Watkins, "I call attention to the fact that he did not come into the Senate to do that."

¶ Joe released his "handmaiden" speech to the press, but cited lack of time as his reason for not making it to the Senate. "There was a shortage of speakers," said Watkins. "At one stage it seemed that we were about ready for a vote on the first amendment because there were no speakers; yet here was a man who told the press he was going to make a speech . . . I cannot say that he was afraid to face us, but the facts are there, and we can take notice of them."

"In our own presence," said Arthur Watkins, "here in the Senate, we have seen another example of the Senator's hit-and-run attack. Senators have seen what I have called to their attention, an attack on their representative, their agent. They have seen an attack made on that agent's courage and intelligence. They have heard the junior Senator from Wisconsin say that I am both stupid and a coward."

"It must be remembered," Watkins continued, "that the members of the

**ILLINOIS' DIRKSEN**
From Joe pained, time gained.

Select Committee were practically drafted for the job, and so far as I am concerned, it was the most unpleasant task I have ever had to perform in all my public life. I am asking my colleagues: What are you—and you—and you—going to do about it?"

Watkins jabbed his finger at G.O.P. Senators. They remained silent in their places—at least those of them who were not out in the back room trying to cook up a deal to let Joe off. But later Watkins' Utah colleague, Republican Senator Wallace Bennett, a former president of the National Association of Manufacturers, announced that he would propose additional contempt action against McCarthy for abusing the Watkins committee.

Catch, Anyone? When Watkins finished, Idaho's Republican Senator Herman Welker, who seems to be McCarthy's floor manager, began a speech that lasted through most of the next day. Trying to prove his thesis that other Senators have acted just as badly as McCarthy, Welker gave a fascinating account of the aftermath to a 1951 radio recording session in which Senators debated Far Eastern problems. Said Welker: "The Senator from Indiana [Republican Homer Capehart] threw out of the broadcasting studio into my arms the Senator from Minnesota [Democrat Hubert Humphrey], a friend of mine. The Senator from New York [Democrat Herbert Lehman] then decided to get into the fray, on the back of the Senator from Indiana. He was, in turn, thrown back into the studio. The late Senator Taft—I never knew he came from the West—bulldogged the Senator from New York, took him around the head and led him out; and soon thereafter, peace and quiet prevailed."

Welker apparently had forgotten that in 1951, a few hours after the scuffle actually took place, he had told a reporter that accounts of the row were exaggerated, that in reality it had been a "cream-puff affair."

All week long, Republican Senate leaders worked behind Arthur Watkins' back toward a "compromise" agreement on McCarthy's censure. They made a series of telephone calls to Joe, trying to get him to 1) apologize to New Jersey's G.O.P. Senator Robert Hendrickson for the famed "without brains or guts" remark, and 2) stay quiet and keep out of trouble for awhile. The matter of apology became moot when Hendrickson said on the Senate floor that no apology would change his mind about Joe; that it was not the affront to him but the affront to the Senate that mattered. But, McCarthy finally agreed to remain silent for 24 hours. A few minutes later he called back and asked: "How about if I stay quiet for twelve hours instead?"

The Senate week came to an end shortly after word was received that Joe was in the Bethesda Naval Hospital. He had, it was said, banged his right elbow against a glass-top table while shaking hands with an enthusiastic admirer when he was back in Wisconsin for the weekend. Visitors to

the sick room reported that Joe's illness made him unable to converse satisfactorily about the censure movement (the congressional doctor reported that McCarthy "could possibly" have an infection).

Revolving Door. After a great deal of rushing about and whispering, Majority Leader Knowland made a motion for a ten-day adjournment to give McCarthy time enough to recover. Some Democrats protested that the long delay was not necessary; they viewed it as a trick to delay censure action until the Democratic 84th Congress takes over. Oregon's Wayne Morse told how he had made nine speeches in 1951 with his broken jaw still wired. New York's Lehman told how he had campaigned with a fractured leg. Finally, however, Illinois' Republican Senator Everett Dirksen spoke up.

Said Dirksen: "We could send to Joe McCarthy a note, this afternoon, in which



United Press

PETITIONER JORDAN
Red water bugs?

we could say to him, 'Joe, we are going to have the Senate take a recess from day to day; we are going to be here to catch you the minute the revolving door of that hospital lets you out into the world.' That would be a healing sentiment, would it not, Mr. President?"

"How amazing it is, Mr. President," Dirksen continued, "that when a man lies in pain in a hospital, to send him a message at once so cynical and so brutal. Where are the common charities, after all, Mr. President? How bad must be the evil acids eating at the soul if finally they stir in such a way our passions and our tempers . . . Mr. President, there is fever and there is pain. The least we could do is an effort to be charitable would be to recess the Senate, in consonance with the suggestions made by eminent medical authority. When Senator McCarthy is ready, he will be back here to defend himself, with his chin up."

Posies. Some ten feet away from Dirksen, drinking it all in, was North Dakota's Non-Partisan League Senator William Langer. Dirksen's speech, said Langer, "brought tears to my eyes. I wondered if we should not include in the resolution a provision for sending flowers to Senator McCarthy, and whether we should not debate the kind of flowers which should be sent—whether they be forget-me-nots, chrysanthemums or roses."

Everett Dirksen apparently could not decide if Langer was being facetious. He finally decided to play the North Dakotan straight, and as always, Dirksen was ready with a flowery reply. Said he: "The only thing I know in the rulebook about flowers is that there is in the general rules pertaining to the Senate a provision that flowers must not be brought into the Senate Chamber." It would be best, he thought, for individual Senators to follow their consciences about sending bouquets to Joe. But, he added, "Any Senator is at liberty to send flowers . . . if the sweet and gentle spirit moves him."

When the ten-day adjournment was finally voted, the pro-McCarthy Republicans could scarcely conceal their delight. Ev Dirksen unintentionally explained why. Leaving the floor, he was asked by newsmen if some sort of filibuster was in prospect. Dirksen seemed shocked. "Goodness me, no," he replied. "Nothing could be further from the fact, that I'm trying to prevent a vote. Time is always a great healer, its soothing effect brings peace of mind." Then he paused, and added: "I don't know whether a vote can be reached or not."

OPINION

The Ten Million

Throughout the U.S. last week, volunteer workers circulated petitions designed to influence the U.S. Senate against the censure of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. Their efforts were directed by a newly founded organization called Ten Million Americans Mobilizing for Justice. Its goal: to million signatures in ten days.

The Ten Million's top echelon is studded with big, even distinguished names. Lieut. General (ret.) George Stratemeyer, Korean war Air Force commander, is chairman of the national organization. Among the vice chairmen are General (ret.) James A. Van Fleet; Admiral (ret.) William H. Standley, former Chief of Naval Operations and Ambassador to Russia; Lieut. General (ret.) Pedro A. del Valle, commander of the 1st Marine Division at Okinawa; and Charles Edison, former governor of New Jersey.

Last week business was thriving in the Ten Million's Manhattan headquarters—four small rooms just off the lobby of the Roosevelt hotel. A big American flag spanned the wall of the reception room. Five telephones jangled constantly. Mail poured in. Greeting visitors to the headquarters office was Rear Admiral John G. Crommelin, who retired from the Navy in 1950 after being officially reprimanded

for his part in the "admirals' revolt" against the B-36. After talking in Washington to Joe McCarthy, Crommelin went to Florida, and, in consultation with General Strattemeyer, conceived the idea of the Ten Million movement. Now Crommelin bears the title of "chief of staff."

A factotum of the New York office is ex-Major G. Racey Jordan, who, in 1949, told a strange story of how Harry Hopkins gave atomic information and uranium to Soviet Russia (a House subcommittee later called Jordan's tale "inherently incredible"). More recently, Jordan has been warning citizens that fluoridation of

public water supplies is a Russian plot. The petition being circulated by the Ten Million in effect echoes McCarthy's Communist-handmaiden charge against the Watkins committee. It says: "We point out that the Communists and their un-American cohorts, by vicious propaganda, and through willing stooges and blind but innocent dupes, already have victimized certain members of the U.S. Senate. The insidious influence of these enemies of our way of life was mainly responsible for the creation of the Watkins committee, and for its incredible findings and conclusions."

ARMED FORCES

Off Limits For Officers

Many a veteran of Korea came home angry and bitter about G.I.s' inadequate training. General Van Fleet wrote: "American boys . . . learn . . . only in combat, after three or more heavy battles, during which their casualties from enemy fire are enormously greater than they need be, [if we] could . . . have properly trained them (killing a few) back in the States on maneuvers."

One tough vet felt the same way—only more so. He was Charles C. Anderson, a

A NATION'S FACE IN NUMBERS

In recording his joys and sorrows, his struggle for existence, his encounters, good and evil, man has used words, music, paint, stone, steel, film. The U.S. Bureau of the Census uses numbers. Last week it issued its 75th Anniversary edition of the Statistical Abstract of the United States, a volume which embraces the raw material of American drama. Some are from this 1,056-page mine:

THE 3,000,000 Americans who are born each year[®] have a life expectancy of 68.4 years (17 years more than they would have had 40 years ago). Births in hospitals are the rule (90% of the total registered) rather than the privilege (36.9%) that they were 20 years ago. Americans (aged 5 to 34) enrolled in school number 32,796,000 (up more than 3,000,000 in three years), of whom 3,515,000 are six-year-olds (up one million in three years, reflecting the attainment of school age by the postwar bumper baby crop).

Life & Death. Americans celebrate 1,566,793 marriages and agonize over 388,000 divorces in a year. The typical groom is 23.8, the bride 21.4 (they are oldest in Connecticut—23.6; youngest in Idaho—20.6). The nation's 46,828,000 families are smaller (3.4 persons) than in 1940 (3.77) or in 1890 (4.03). The U.S. has \$14,000 more married women than married men (due to reporting discrepancies and absences of husbands on overseas assignments); but Mormon Utah is one state with more (633) husbands than wives. The U.S. has 1,776,681 more women than men (the reverse was true 75 years ago), 30.7 people per sq. mi. (↑, 16.9 then), and its population (median age: 30.2, ten years more than in 1890) is 59% urban (↑, 75% rural then).

In the nation's employed labor force (62,242,000) there are only 6,970,000 farmers. The 17 million labor force of 75 years ago was divided almost equally between farm and non-farm. Women workers (10,353,000) today are 31% of the labor force, compared to 25% in 1940. There are 1,273,000 fewer farm workers and 321,000 fewer domestic servants than in 1940, but 1,836,000 more commercial service workers. Of the nation's 2,678 female morticians and embalmers, 35 are unemployed.

A 65-year-old person today can expect to live another 14.1 years, but death strikes 1,519,000 times a year in the U.S. The biggest killers are heart disease (545,675) and cancer (215,525), both of them highest in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, lowest in New Mexico. Infant mortality (28.4 under a year old per 1,000 live births) is down from 47 in 1940, 99.9 in 1915. It is highest in New Mexico, lowest in Connecticut and Massachusetts. In a year 7,495 Americans are murdered (but the rate is lower than in any year since 1910) and 15,009 are suicides (less per capita than in any year since 1920).

Each day 1,309,377 Americans receive hospital treatment. 584,455 in mental hospitals (the load was 352,279 twenty

years ago). Among major diseases, the biggest gainer is polio (57,879 cases v. 1947's low 10,827); the biggest loser is syphilis (165,533 cases v. 1946's peak 385,542).

In a year the typical American receives 305 pieces of mail, makes 43.8 telephone calls, eats 397 eggs and 151 lbs. of meat, drinks 1.1 gal. of hard liquor (v. 2.24 a hundred years ago) and 16.7 gal. of beer and ale (v. 1.6 a hundred years ago), and makes \$1,630 (average family income is \$4,070 up from \$3,270 in 1940). But his share of the national debt is \$1,666.11. He contributes \$2.86 (per capita of adult population) to Community Chest and United Fund campaigns. If he is one of the nation's 92,277,129 church members, he gives \$41.94 a year to his church, which is likely to be small if he is a Methodist (39,006 churches, 9,180,428 members), large if he is a Roman Catholic (15,723 churches, 30,253,427 members).

In a year, Americans voyaged 18,059,000,000 scheduled air passenger miles and 34,033,000,000 rail passenger miles. They drove 46,289,000 passenger cars (v. less than 20,000,000 in all the rest of the world) 537,741,000,000 miles at an average speed (on main open highways) of 51.1 m.p.h. and caused 36,930 traffic-accident deaths.

Americans Are Migrants. During a year, 30,786,000 U.S. citizens moved, as many as the number of aliens who immigrated to the U.S. during the last 70 years. Many of them (20,618,000) stayed in the same county but, nonetheless, they moved. Of the rest, 4,626,000 moved to a different county in their state; 5,522,000 moved to a different state. Mississippi has the smallest portion (10.5%) of residents born in other states, but more living Americans have moved to Mississippi than have stayed in three other states (Nevada, Wyoming and Delaware). Nevada has the most mobile population among the states: 49.4% of native-born Nevadans have moved away; 68.7% of today's Nevadans were born out of the state. Of California's 9,324,515 people, 5,425,035 (58.2%) were born elsewhere. But even native Californians wander away, though proportionately fewer (11.4%), to be sure, than natives of any other state.

For that ever-threatening rainy day, Americans have saved \$266.4 billion (\$4,48 per family) and are adding to it at the rate of \$12.4 billion a year. There are 6,490,000 U.S. stockholders, more of whom are farmers (320,000) and skilled workers (410,000) than executives (300,000).

Although they save, Americans also have \$229.9 billion a year to spend. Household appliances are one thing they like to spend it on. More (91,600,000) homes have vacuum cleaners than do not. Only 1.6% of the nation's homes have no radio set. Fewer homes (14,183,000) have no refrigerator than do have an electric blanket (4,396,000). There are air conditioners in 1,381,000 homes, deepfreezers in 5,955,000, washing machines in 34,194,000. During the 1940s, the number of homes with indoor plumbing increased by over 100,000. But there are still 11 million homes with an outdoor privy or none at all.

* Figures throughout are for the most recent year available.

St. Louis boy whose split home and large family forced him to go to work when he was twelve. In 1947, when he was 17, he at last found a home—in the Army.

When the Korean war came, he had a soft touch in the finance service, but he wanted combat duty. He was sent to an infantry refresher course, and then as a corporal to Korea. After 123 combat patrols, he came home a master sergeant, took an officer candidate course, ranked seventh among the 54 who last August got commissions in his group.

At Camp Gordon, Ga., Lieut. Anderson was given eleven days to whip one company into shape. ("The men wore dirty uniforms, their pants were unbuttoned, and they needed haircuts.") In eleven days it was an honor company.

How did he do it? "I told them I was going to be rough and make good soldiers out of them." When Alabama Private Jesse Wyatt picked up a club in a scuffle with Negro Sergeant Hayward Walker, Lieut. Anderson ordered Wyatt strung up by his heels. When two of the men were dirty, the lieutenant ordered public sand baths. When a 24-year-old law-school graduate who had taken one of the sand baths fell exhausted after doing pushups, Lieut. Anderson ordered him covered with dirt and a cross placed in his mouth. "If I wanted to act like he was dead, I wanted to let him look like he was dead."

Last week Lieut. Anderson was brought to trial. A court of ten professional soldiers took one hour and 56 minutes to decide that he was guilty of malreatment of enlisted men, conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline. The sentence: dismissal from the service.

CRIME

End of the Banana Case

To those who received his telegram that day in 1900, the news from Charles Jones, valet to the eccentric millionaire William Marsh Rice, was hardly a shock. After all, old Mr. Rice was 84, and it was therefore not surprising that he should have died of "old age, weak heart and delirium." But when friends and family arrived at his home, they came in for a shock after all.

In the bleak but spacious Manhattan apartment that Rice had occupied with Charley Jones after the two moved up from Houston, the mourners found everything apparently in order. But some were a bit bewildered by the presence of a baldheaded, 35-year-old lawyer named Albert T. Patrick. Patrick claimed he had known Rice only a few months. Yet the old man, he insisted, had thought so much of him that he had put him in charge of his whole estate. When Jones and Patrick were asked about Mr. Rice's last days, they both told the same story. His death, they said, had been brought on by baked bananas.

Just a Coincidence? As the days passed, the status of Lawyer Patrick became more and more bewildering. For one



Warren Baumgartner for True Magazine

WILLIAM MARSH RICE & CONSPIRATORS
The victim apologized and quietly went away.

thing, officials at the Wall Street firm of S. M. Swenson & Sons were puzzled by a \$25,000 check that Rice had made out to Patrick on the very day of his death. They were also puzzled when Patrick announced he had other checks that equaled Rice's entire New York deposits. Meanwhile, a Texas firm reported that Rice had promised to lend it \$250,000, but that amount had never come. Was it just a coincidence that the sum Rice had turned over to Patrick just before he died amounted to exactly \$250,000?

Handwriting experts soon solved that part of the mystery. Valet Jones and Lawyer Patrick were arrested for forgery. But once in jail, Jones tried to cut his throat. When that failed, he spilled the whole story.

Unjust Will. According to Jones, he met Patrick a year before, and the two men began almost immediately to work out their scheme. The two men decided to rewrite the old man's will, for Mr. Patrick thought it "unjust" that Rice wanted to leave most of his estate to found an educational institution in Texas. One day Rice walked in on the conspirators while they were going about their forgery in his apartment, but he did not know what they were doing. He apologized for disturbing them, left the room quietly.

Then, just as things were going so well, that Texas firm began asking Rice for the \$250,000 loan. Rather than see the cash slip away, Patrick decided that the old man must go.

First they fed him nine baked bananas at a meal. Then they tried oxalic acid. Finally, Jones dipped a piece of sponge in some chloroform, formed a cone with

a towel and stuck it on Rice's nose. Upshot of the case: Patrick was convicted of murder, only to be pardoned ten years later by New York Governor John Dix (he died in 1940). By turning state's evidence, Jones got his freedom. In Houston, having opened with an endowment of some \$10 million from the estate of William Marsh Rice, Rice Institute has continued to grow and flourish. Last week in Baytown, 40 miles from Rice Institute, an old recluse finished the deed he tried to do in jail 54 years ago. At 79, onetime Valet Charley Jones picked up a pistol and killed himself.

THE JUDICIARY

Curdled

Many Southerners, including the citizens of Manatee County, Fla., stepped up school construction last year. One motive: to make their "separate but equal" school facilities equal and thus head off a U.S. Supreme Court decision against segregation.

When the Supreme Court outlawed school segregation (*TIME*, May 24), some Manatee County taxpayers wanted to cancel their \$1,750,000 school building authorization. Last week the Florida Supreme Court refused their plea, arguing that the new schools were needed and that it would take a long time to desegregate. Florida Justice Glenn Terrell said the U.S. Supreme Court decision was "a great mistake" and would "retard rather than accelerate" the removal of the inequalities that Negroes now suffer. He added "To homogenize Topsy . . . and Mary who carried her little lamb to school is going to be slow and tedious."

FOREIGN NEWS

WESTERN EUROPE Present Prosperity

Out of Geneva's Palais des Nations last week came one of those statistics-studded reports that make the back pages of newspapers but really tell an electrifying story. The news is that Western Europe—not just one country, but all of it—is booming. The U.N.'s Economic Commission for Europe concluded last week that the upturn in European production, "which began in some countries in 1953, is becoming general." Unemployment is dwindling fast in most countries, and Western Europe's gross national product is growing at the rate of 10% a year, a faster rate of growth than that of the U.S.

For 250 million Europeans, the industrial comeback means the return of the first real prosperity they have known for a generation. Much of the prosperity is precarious; old problems remain. Yet the fact is that in 1954 proud old nations, brought to their knees by war, are reasserting themselves, adventuring on new horizons of commerce and technology. Western Europe now produces more than a quarter of the world's steel, a quarter of its coal, and one-third of its foreign trade.

Britain, biggest of Europe's industrial nations, set the pace in 1954. Austerity and rations are now safely behind, and Englishmen are taking seriously the once fanciful talk of a new Elizabethan Age.

The island's industrial boom, less spectacular than West Germany's, is in absolute dimensions far bigger. In the first six months of 1954 Britain's industrial production increased by 65%. Between 1946 and 1953 British oil refineries have boosted



BRITONS ASSEMBLING TV SETS
An electrifying tale of boom,

production from 2,400,000 to more than 23 million tons; British steel production, up 54% this year, has reached 19 million tons a year—enough for Britain's annual production of 1,000,000 cars and trucks, about a quarter of the world's new ships, and well over half the total of Western Europe's output of armaments. In the first nine months of 1954, half a million British vehicles sold abroad for \$725 million—almost one-third more than U.S. automobile manufacturers earned in for-

ign markets. The vast sterling area, which accounts for 40% of all the world's trade, is selling more than it buys, has a growing reserve of nearly \$1 billion.

London, last of the war-devastated metropolises to mend its scars, is about to cover its blitzweeds with bright new stores and office buildings. Plans have been drawn for a Rockefeller Center-like project topped by a 27-story building. Two weeks ago Sir Winston Churchill abolished the controls which have held back reconstruction in the City of London. Business had to wait while materials and labor went first to building homes for homeless Britons—a program which achieved 350,000 new homes in one year.

Factory wages have practically doubled since 1945, and British workers are buying one-third more radios and appliances than they did in 1953. Profits, too, are high. Most are being plowed back into newer and better factories, but other private capital is flowing into the undeveloped areas of the Commonwealth at the rate of \$600 million a year. This amounts to 13% of the total national product, substantially more, in proportion, than the U.S. invests abroad. Most of this foreign investment is handled by the financial wizards of the City of London. Said one of those worthies last week: "We are not an optimistic people, but no sector of the population can honestly be said to take a gloomy view of the future."

France strikes the visitor as the richest land in Europe—and potentially it is. French industry, though backward, unadventurous and cartelized, is sharing in Europe's boom: steel production is soaring (to almost 11 million tons this year), and the output of French cars is close to half a million a year. France's trading



ITALIANS DRIVING MOTOR SCOOTERS
A land of recovery and deficit,

deficit with the rest of the world is still chronic, but between 1953 and 1954 its debts diminished from \$203 million to \$108 million; last month it actually had a surplus of \$43 million.

French agriculture lags behind. Surrounded by protective tariffs, quotas and subsidies, French farmers are indulging in the luxury of concentrating on crops with which France is surfeited (*e.g.*, beet root and grapes), while avoiding the very food-stuffs (*e.g.*, meat and butter) which Frenchmen need most and can least afford to buy. Still, most Frenchmen continue to eat well, choosing to spend a large part of their income on food.

One result is that the most fertile land in Europe is a net food importer. The central promise of Premier Mendès-France's administration is a pledge to rid the country of the restrictions that keep the French from properly realizing their potential of plenty.

West Germany has practically doubled its gross national product since 1948. Last year the busy Germans built 515,000 houses—half as many as the U.S., which has more than three times the population. Exports have more than doubled since 1950, and in Latin America, German iron and steel goods are squeezing out British and American.

Most remarkable of all, the German boom is now spreading to West Berlin (pop. 2,250,000), for years a chronic invalid needing daily injections of more than \$1,000,000 in U.S. and West German aid. Apartment houses are rising from the ruins at the rate of one three-room apartment every 30 minutes. West Berlin's production of precision instruments and appliances (all of them lightweight, high-value goods which can be economically air-shipped in case of another blockade) is up 30% over 1953. Within three years, the half-city expects to be able to stand on its own economic legs.

Not all West Germans have so far received their share of the nation's phenomenal comeback. Wages lag behind increasing productivity; and for all their hard work, German workers eat less, drink less, and drive fewer cars than their neighbors in Britain and France. Overall German living standards are officially calculated as 15% lower than the French.

Italy, land of chronic deficits, is having its best year since World War II. Industrial production is 83% above pre-war; city folk have new movie houses and coffee bars; 1,000,000 Italians are whizzing about on flashy little motor scooters. But there still remain, in a population of 47 million, 2,000,000 unemployed and another 2,000,000 underemployed. In the bleak south, says an Italian government report, almost one-third of the population lives in "extreme poverty." The report cites these statistics:

- 950,000 Italians live in cellars.
- 375,000 live in caves.
- 3,500,000 cannot afford to eat meat and sugar or drink wine.

Western Europe's smaller nations are flourishing as never before.

Belgium (with the aid of the Congo) and **Luxembourg** have \$1 billion in their common gold and dollar kitty.

The **Netherlands'** worldwide investments helped expand its gold and dollar holdings to \$1.2 billion, more than France's. Twice within 1954, Dutch wage rates have been increased, by 5% and 6%. Little Netherlands has achieved its prosperity despite losing Indonesia, the crown jewel of its empire.

In the short run, one effect of Western Europe's comeback was that U.S. business would find themselves meeting tougher European competition in their export markets. But it also meant a



BERLIN'S KURFÜRSTENDAMM
A half-city on its feet.

healthy decline in European dependence on U.S. aid (which had made much of the recovery possible). Western Europe's comeback also meant stronger allies and better markets. Most of all, it meant that Frenchmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Britons and Italians, who had gone without for so long, at last were coming closer to the good food, new clothes, shining cars and comforts that Americans take as a matter of course.

THE UNITED NATIONS Future Power

Even to optimists, the U.S. proposals for an international atomic agency often seemed like little more than a buzz of oratory. Last week the U.S. produced the goods. Before the U.N., Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. made a bare announcement: the U.S. has allocated 100 kilograms (220 lbs.) of fissionable material to be distributed to atomic "have not" nations as fuel for experimental reactors.

The offer thumped down in the U.N.'s political committee like a bag of gold on a bargaining table littered with I.O.U.s. By the gift of material weighing no more than a hefty Notre Dame fullback, the U.S. presented the world with a package more fabulous than Aladdin's wildest dreams.

Russian Reservations. The U.S.'s princely package means 220 lbs. of atomically active U-235. The actual bulk delivered might be much more, since U-235 is mixed with other uranium in various concentrations depending on its intended use. None would be "weapon-grade," i.e., concentrated enough for bombs, and the quantity, when divided up, was less than a large power reactor would require. But it was enough to run an estimated 30 to 40 research reactors in as many countries. Said Lodge pointedly: "I hope this will once and for all remove from the minds of all any confusion as to how specific the U.S. atoms-for-peace proposition is." Perceptibly, enthusiasm quickened. Russia's Andrei Vishinsky stopped mocking and began acting like a man scared to death that the bandwagon would leave without him. Next day Britain added a contribution of 20 kilograms (44 lbs.).

Five times in six days Vishinsky closeted himself with Lodge to discuss amendments to the atoms-for-peace plan. He wanted to make the atomic agency "responsible" to the U.N. Security Council; the Western sponsoring powers said no: that would give Russia a veto. Vishinsky wanted stipulations that negotiations for the atomic agency "should continue" with Russia. The West agreed. He wanted some phrases associating the international atomic authority with disarmament. The West worked out some suitably vague language, but refused a direct tie. "We think this atoms-for-peace proposal will lead the world away from war because it is a new prism through which we can look at the problems of the world," said Lodge. "It is a new place at which to begin. But we must not bog down one proposal by tying it to another."

Lastly, Vishinsky wanted the invitations to the scientific conference set for next year to include not only U.N. members but "other states"—meaning Red China, Outer Mongolia, East Germany and North Korea. The West said no. Vishinsky cited Dulles' speech to the U.N. in which Dulles declared: "I want to make it perfectly clear that our planning excludes no nation from participation in this great venture." Said Vishinsky cheerfully: "I don't often support Mr. Dulles, but when he's right, I raise both hands, the only hands I have, to support him. If I had more hands, I'd raise them too."

Coming Around. By this time, he was talking expansively of "the now common goal," rousing India's Krishna Menon to indignation. "We are not prepared to accept the proposition that because the Soviet Union and the U.S. are agreed, all problems are solved," snapped Menon.

But at week's end, Vishinsky suddenly reverted to his natural character. Hurrying over to see Lodge at the U.S. delegation offices on Park Avenue, he declared that Russia would insist on submitting an amendment tying the agency to the Security Council. Brusquely, the U.S. refused. But whether Vishinsky came along or not, the West was determined to go ahead without him.

COMMUNISTS

Fielding Error

Among all the confusing participants in the cold war, no family can match the American family Field. Noel Haviland Field was a wanderer among nations and ideas. Born in London, brought up in Switzerland, educated at Harvard, he worked for the State Department in Washington, for the League of Nations in Geneva, for the OSS in wartime Europe, for the Unitarian Service Committee in France. After the war, he and his brother Hermann sauntered through the Iron Curtain countries like welcome guests. Whittaker Chambers said Noel was a friend of Alger Hiss and a Communist agent; the Communists said he worked for the U.S. "imperialists." His sister said Noel and his whole family

to a secret reunion with his wife. No one could yet be sure whether the Fields, individually or collectively, were innocents, double agents or Communists.

But in the still tangled web woven by the Fields, one thread lay clear as a trail of blood on snow. In their five years in Communist hands, the Communists had used the American name of Field in trial after trial, until it became a symbol of death.

The major cases:

¶ In Hungary, September 1949, Laszlo Rajk, lifelong Communist, top party theoretician, onetime all-powerful Hungarian Interior Minister and later Foreign Minister, pleaded guilty to plotting to assassinate Communist Boss Matyas Rakosi, And who got Rajk into the gory plot? "Noel Field," cried the prosecutor, "one of the leaders of American espionage," who

in the past." Thus the Communists conceded that every trial in which Noel had been used as the chief agent was trumped up. For the first time, the West realized just how much a Hungarian spokesman was admitting, when he confessed last month: "We may frankly admit that the leaders of the former Security Office arrested many comrades, using criminally improper methods, and that they were convicted by the court on the grounds of invented and forced charges and testimony. This was a great mistake."

GREAT BRITAIN

Bad Show

Before crowded galleries, Sir Anthony Eden rose in the House of Commons last week to move the approval of the London and Paris accords on German rearmament. "The only real alternative," he said, "would be to plunge the West into confusion and despair. Is anybody seriously going to contend we should be better able to negotiate with Soviet Russia if we were in that particular condition?"

Eden had high hopes that the accords would go through unanimously. Herbert Morrison pledged Labor's official support. The Bevanites, voted down in party caucus before the debate, were under threat of party discipline. Attlee, like Eden, hoped to avoid trouble by avoiding a formal vote in the House.

Then, from his place on the back bench beside Bevan, Bevanite Richard Crossman briskly shattered Labor's show of unanimity. If some Laborites abstain, said Crossman bluntly, "the reason will not be any change of conviction, but the fact that if one wants to survive in our party to fight another day, one has to accept a majority decision, however unpleasant . . . Let us be clear what we are about. We passionately oppose this agreement." On the front bench, Morrison jerked around to glare. Loyal Laborites jeered. That night Attlee decided to put party unity above his convictions. The order went out to every Laborite: if there was a division, abstain.

Next day Bevan addressed the House. As always, the House listened with fascination to the Welsh lilt and the demagogic half-truth. He was not against German rearmament, Bevan insisted, but "the pace and altitude of that armament."

"What is the hurry about all this?" he demanded. "The international situation today is more favorable than it has been for some time . . . Does anybody think that the people of this country will feel safer against the prospect of war if German armies with Nazi officers have atom bombs? Really, it seems to me a piece of wanton frivolity to bring forward a proposal of this kind and discuss it as a diplomatic triumph." Eden was "squeezed into submission by Mendès-France and Foster Dulles. So far from it being a triumph, it was the most ignominious surrender in British history."

When the Speaker of the House, calling for a voice vote, heard a thin scatter



NOEL & HERTA FIELD
The name was a symbol of death.

were just "Quaker-Liberals" who were "arch-individualists."

Noel Field disappeared from his hotel in Prague two weeks before Chambers started testifying in the Hiss trial in early 1949. His wife Herta, his brother Hermann, and finally, his adopted daughter Erika Glaser Wallach, went behind the Iron Curtain to look for him. One after another, like the three little Indians, they vanished—one, two, three.

Last week Noel and Herta Field popped back into sight as the Hungarian government announced their release from political prison. The Fields' reaction was typically "arch-individualistic"—instead of dashing for freedom, they elected to repair to a Hungarian hospital and hole up, incommunicado. Hermann, released with apologies three weeks earlier by Poland with the admission that it had all been a terrible mistake, flew to Zurich, where CIA agents slapped a cloak of security around him and hustled him off

"specialized in recruiting spies from among left-wing elements." Verdict: hanging (and burial in unmarked graves) for Laszlo Rajk and four others; life imprisonment for two.

¶ In East Germany, in August 1950, six Communist functionaries, including the director of East zone railroads and the boss of Radio Berlin, were accused of "special connections with Noel Field, the American spy." All are now in jail or dead.

¶ In Czechoslovakia, November 1952, Rudolf Slansky, Communist Party secretary-general, and 13 high-placed defendants confessed to high treason, conspiracy, murder, espionage, Titoism, Zionism, in behalf of "foreign imperialist agents." Who was their spymaster? "The well-known agent Field." Verdict: death on the gallows for Slansky and ten others; imprisonment for three.

Last week, in releasing the Fields, Communist Hungary admitted: "It has not been possible to justify the charge made

tering of noes, he ordered a formal vote. As Eden watched glumly, 263 Tories trooped into the voting lobby, trailed by one Socialist. Four pacifist Socialists made their lonely way to the other lobby to vote no; the rest of the Laborites kept their places. Attlee sat slumped on the front bench, doodling and looking unhappy. He had prevented a larger rebellion in Labor's ranks, but had left his party in the craven position of refusing to vote for agreements it had publicly supported.

When the House of Lords adds its pro forma approval this week, Britain will become the first major nation to ratify the Paris accords.

Significant Straw

In steady drizzle that turned to fog, about 40,000 Liverpool suburbanites voted last week in the West Derby by-election. "A significant straw," the politicos called it, for West Derby symbolizes Britain's even political balance: able Sir David Maxwell Fyfe held onto the seat for the Conservatives so narrowly in the 1951 general election that the Socialists needed only a 1.7% swing to win this year.

Now that Sir David, a successful Home Secretary, has been elevated to the peerage as Viscount Kilnuir (Churchill recently made him Lord Chancellor), a by-election was needed. Both parties wheeled out their heavy artillery. "There has been a steady encroachment on the living standards of our people," claimed Socialist Clement Attlee. For the Tories Sir Winston claimed a calmer world outside and more prosperity inside Britain. A characteristically tight British majority apparently agreed with Sir Winston. The result for 27-year-old Tory John Woollam, a riveter's son, 21,158 votes *versus* 18,650 for his Socialist rival—a small but gratifying increase of 1.5% for the Tories.

ITALY

Rival Scandal

Only seven months ago Italy's Communists, starchy with the stiffest kind of bourgeois morality, piously raised their voices in horror at the revelations of "bourgeois decadence" in the Wilma Montesi case. In the hullabaloo over drugs and sex among high-placed Romans, both Foreign Minister Attilio Piccioni and the national police chief quit their posts, and there was much talk of cover-up and hush-up. But the talk was not followed by proof.⁹ Meanwhile, Magazine Publisher Edgardo Sogno began finding political and personal scandals about the Communists themselves (*TIME*, Nov. 1). And last week the Communists were saddled with a sort of Montesi case of their own.

Privileged & Perverse. About the same time last spring that the Montesi case hit the headlines, another girl named Adelaide Montori died, obscurely, after babbling deliriously, in a Rome hospital. The police thought that Adelaide might have been kicked and beaten by a man—probably a pimp. While following up their leads, the police found that Adelaide Montori had frequented several call houses, one of them a decently furnished apartment in a respectable district of Rome. Watching two of these places, the cops identified two furtive but highly important visitors: Communist Giuseppe Sotgiu, president of the Rome provincial council, and his wife Liliana, an existentialist painter.

Giuseppe Sotgiu, 52, once a poor but very clever lad from Sardinia, had worked his way through school and taken a degree in jurisprudence with the highest honors. A one-time Socialist newspaperman and then a law professor, he emerged as a Communist lawyer after Mussolini's downfall, much honored for his anti-Fascist record. It was he who acted as defense counsel for the journalist who first published the allegation that Wilma Montesi had been murdered. At that time Giuseppe Sotgiu indignantly declared: "This Montesi case stigmatizes a whole traitor and corrupted society, a privileged class which is perverse and needs replacing by a healthy workers' society."

Agents Aplenty. Apparently, however, Sotgiu himself was not entirely healthy. The police frequently saw his big, black official car stopping discreetly in front of the houses of ill repute. Shortly before or after her husband's arrival, Liliana Sotgiu would appear on foot. The cops put 110 agents on the case, some of them elaborately disguised. They discovered that Sotgiu, the Communist moralizer, was causing his wife to have sexual relations with an 18-year-old grocer's son named Sergio Rossi, while Sotgiu and others



SIGNOR SOTGIU
A drive for relations.

looked on. The police obtained a full confession from young Sergio Rossi, and learned there had been a passionate correspondence between him and Liliana. Other episodes involved whips, and Sotgiu was not merely a spectator, but had several young partners of his own.

Last week police felt they had an airtight case against the Sotgius for inciting to prostitution and corruption of a minor. But when they visited the Sotgius' apartment, they found that the couple had fled. Rome's fascinated newspaper readers promptly labeled Giuseppe Sotgiu a "collectivist of love." Plainly embarrassed, the Rome section of the Communist Party banned Provincial Council President Sotgiu from all party activities until he took steps "fully to restore his honor as a citizen."



SIGNORA SOTGIU
Italy's News Photos
A walk for love.

INDO-CHINA

Every Possible Aid

Silver-haired General J. Lawton Collins, 58, knew that Indo-China was the graveyard of military reputations. In Saigon, at President Eisenhower's behest, to determine whether the demoralized free half of Viet Nam could be saved from the Communists, Collins resisted a newsman's commiserations. "I've already had one military career," he said unworriedly.

"Lightning Joe" Collins got off to a remarkably confident start. "I have come out to Indo-China," he told a press conference, "to take measures to save this region from Communism. I have come to bring every possible aid to the government of Ngu Dinh Diem and to his government only . . ." Collins was politely telling French and Vietnamese intriguers that Diem, for all his weaknesses, was America's man, and that they had better get behind Diem if they wanted U.S. sympathy or assistance. The Vietnamese national army, he indicated, must give up

⁹ Last week Piero Piccioni, jazz-playing son of the ex-foreign minister, was released from jail, pending trial. Roman newspapers broadly hinted that police had not been able to link him to Wilma Montesi's death.

any thought of a *coup d'état* against Diem. At week's end Diem's mutinous chief of staff, Nguyen Van Hinh, packed his bags and moved off to Paris for "consultations."

General Collins next proclaimed that the U.S. intended to "assume basic responsibility" for training the 250,000-man Vietnamese army, in the style of Greece and Korea, where "American training methods proved to be efficient." The program would be supervised by French Commissioner General Paul Ely, an old Collins friend, but "90% of the equipment will be American, [and] French instructors will have to work as closely as possible with American personnel."

Collins' forthright declaration at once set off characteristic trepidations in Saigon, Paris and Washington. Saigon's *Journal d'Extrême Orient* tartly reminded Collins that "the French government will not accept the least disposition to contradict the Geneva agreements." But Collins was not intending to violate Geneva: the U.S. had only 340 men in Indo-China, and these would operate the new training program with officers and noncoms from the 150,000-man French Expeditionary Corps; there would be no military buildup from outside.

On their side of the 17th parallel, the Viet Minh Communists were violating Geneva at will. French and U.S. military intelligence confirmed last week that the Viet Minh has equipped two new armored divisions, despite the pledge by both sides that they would not reinforce their armies in Indo-China.

GERMANY

Balk in the Bundesthaus

Konrad Adenauer stood inside the glass-walled caucus room of Bonn's ultramodern Bundesthaus one afternoon last week, white-faced and trembling. Nobody could recall ever seeing him quite so mad before. He had personally hand-picked Eugen Gerstenmaier, 45, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, as the man to succeed the late Hermann Ehlers as Speaker of the Bundestag (Lower House). Gerstenmaier was a Christian Democratic Deputy, a leading Protestant Church official (and thus a politically useful counterweight to the Catholic Chancellor himself), a devoted follower of Adenauer, a passionate believer in European unity. Besides Gerstenmaier's qualifications for the speakership, Chancellor Adenauer also had a reason for wanting him kicked upstairs: as a passionate defender of EDC and its supranational ideal, Gerstenmaier might not be flexible enough to accomplish the horse-trading needed to get the Paris accords through the Foreign Affairs Committee.

Presumably this deal was all set. All that remained was Bundestag approval, and never in the history of the Republic—Federal or Weimar—had the Lower House failed to elect the Speaker right off, by "acclamation."

But last week, while Adenauer gasped



United Press

SPEAKER GERSTENMAIER
Threats of the COUCUS.

at its impudence, the usually compliant Bundestag balked. On the first ballot 171 Deputies abstained, including members of the C.D.U., and 41 other Deputies voted to vote for poly-poly Ernst Lemmer, a C.D.U. leader in West Berlin. This was one way of showing their dissatisfaction with Adenauer's "giveaway" of the Saar to the French.

The effect, however, was to stiffen Adenauer's iron determination. Back in the caucus room after the first ballot, he shook his fist at the C.D.U. Deputies and shouted: "Some people in my own party voted against Gerstenmaier. If I find out who they were, they'll take the consequences!"



European

Premier MENDERES
Vengeance at the rostrum.

Then he shooed his followers back into the Chamber. Again Gerstenmaier failed of a majority. He finally made it on the third ballot, which under the rules requires no majority, but simply awards the post to the leading candidate. The vote: Gerstenmaier 204, Lemmer 190. The new Speaker, having torn up his confident acceptance speech, made a sad little talk, declaring that he hoped to be able "to win the confidence of the Chamber." The old Chancellor drove off impatiently to a political meeting in Limburg and explained his being three hours late by growling: "I have just come from a Bundestag session which was a disgrace."

Un-Soldiers

According to a public-opinion poll taken in West Germany last week, 76% of the Germans believe that German soldiers are the best there are; the Russians are a poor second (14%) and the Americans a worse third (5%). Nevertheless, the poll showed the G.I. as occupier is more popular than he has ever been: 57% of the Germans think that relations with the U.S. troops are better than last year, and 71% want the U.S. soldiers to stay and help defend their fatherland. Why? Because:

- ¶ "They're friendly."
- ¶ "They don't call us 'German swine anymore."
- ¶ "They're polite on streets and make way for ladies much quicker than German men."
- ¶ "They're not really soldiers at all—in the German sense of the word."

TURKEY

Republicans v. Democrats

Turkey is an old nation but a young democracy. After nine centuries of autocracy, it has known representative government for less than a decade. Its vigorous burst toward freedom has been the wonder of the undemocratic Middle East. Last May, in the second free election in Turkey's history, the governing Democratic Party honestly gave the people a chance to throw it out: instead the Democrats were triumphantly reinstated with a staggering majority: 504 out of 541 Parliament seats.

The overwhelming size of the mandate disquieted some of the newborn democracy's best friends: such popularity might prove heady stuff for inexperienced democrats. Since then some of the fears have been confirmed. The victorious Democrats gerrymandered one of the last three pro-Republican provinces, and set out to destroy the opposition's hold on the judiciary and civil service. New laws lowered the retirement age for judges, and gave the government unchecked authority to discharge civil servants whenever it "deems it to be necessary." Another statute prohibited political speeches over the national radio, which hurt the opposition most of all, since the government continued to get air time to "explain" its policies.

Last week, the opposition Republicans

angrily struck back. Totting up the results of recent local elections, they discovered that in four years their strength had been cut from 35% of the elected *mukhtars* (village headmen) to 17% Ismet Inonu, leader of the opposition Republicans (and one-time President of Turkey, succeeding the late great Kemal Ataturk) took to the Assembly floor to accuse the government of intimidation at the polls. Premier Adnan Menderes lost his usual sang-froid. Inonu was a "liar," he cried, who "spoke with the cold-bloodedness of a professional criminal." He added, staring at Inonu, "God will deal with you."

In the ensuing hubbub, a Republican named Sirri Atayal got up to say that during Turkey's war of liberation against Greece (1922), Menderes had been seen strolling "arm in arm" with a Greek officer. This is the ultimate insult in Turkey: two avenging Democrats leaped up to the rostrum and dragged Atayal down. The fighting continued in the corridors, so the presiding officer hastily recessed the Assembly.

BUGANDA

Reprise for Freddie

For half a century, the people of Buganda, richest of four divisions in the British protectorate of Uganda, lived in a state of unrivaled harmony with their white protectors. "Kwini Elizabeth is a very brave woman; truly we love Kwini Elizabeth," sang the soldiers of Buganda when Britain's new Queen was crowned. The Baganda were proud that they alone of African tribes had not been conquered, but had voluntarily asked Britain's protection.

A year ago, however, Kwini Elizabeth found herself at odds with her Buganda subjects and their even more beloved monarch, Kabaka Edward Frederick William David Mukahya Mutesa II, the 30-year-old local ruler whom the Baganda know as Sabasajja, the Best and Strongest of All Men. The disagreement started when Britain's Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton tactlessly suggested that peaceful Uganda be joined with Tanganyika and Mad Mau-ridden Kenya in a big East African Federation. The Kabaka, reflecting his people's outrage, began plumping instead for complete independence for his kingdom. The British reply was to pack him posthaste aboard a plane and, without giving him a chance even to say goodbye to his wife and child, to whisk him into exile in London. The Kabaka's exile, said Minister Lyttelton, was "final."

The Big Mistake. Cambridge-educated and an ex-Grenadier Guardsman, "King Freddie," as Londoners came to know him, bore his fate with philosophical good manners. Sustained by a tax-free allowance of £8,000 from the Crown, he set up housekeeping in a tastefully furnished flat in London's fashionable Belgravia, passed his time reading, attending the theater, discussing everything from art to EDC with old friends, and in general playing

the part of a serious-minded and well-behaved West End gentleman. Britons came to admire the Kabaka's refusal to foment trouble; they were even more impressed by the unchanging loyalty of his people back home, who adamantly refused to accept any other king. As the months passed, the Colonial Office, under the direction of a new minister, Alan Lennox-Boyd, came to the reluctant conclusion that the whole thing might have been a mistake.

Last week, in what was described as a change of "situation," not policy, a special dispatch rider from Kwini Elizabeth rode over to King Freddie's Belgravia flat with a message from Her Majesty. It said in effect that if the Buganda Lukiko (Parliament) wanted him back and was willing



THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA
Kwini Elizabeth admired loyalty.

to accept a few constitutional reforms limiting his power, the Kabaka could go home and be king again. Unmentioned in the note was the fact that the Colonial Office, already deeply troubled by race war in Kenya and rising black nationalism in Britain's West African colonies, wants to settle the crisis in Uganda before it too becomes a trouble spot of Empire.

Home Again. Suspecting more British chicanery, demonstrators outside the Lukiko building in Kampala hissed and jeered when Sir Andrew Cohen, Britain's resident administrator, broke the news. After all, it was Cohen who had engineered the King's exile in the first place. But, with nine months in which to decide, few doubted that the Lukiko would welcome its Kabaka back, no matter what the terms. "It will be nice," said King Freddie, "to go home again. I like London, but no place is pleasant when you cannot leave if you wish."

KOREA

Hard Man

Through Seoul's dusty streets, Syngman Rhee hustled from meeting to meeting in his big, blue-black Lincoln. The car was almost the only civilian vehicle moving in South Korea. As the U.S. ban on petroleum supplies took effect (TIME, Nov. 13), buses halted, fishing boats lay idle, politicians bicycled to work. Rice piled up on the farms for lack of trucks, while in town 25,000 factory workers were unemployed and hungry. In Seoul's tearooms the word went round: "The old man is beaten."

By midweek stubborn old Syngman Rhee gave up, asked U.S. Ambassador Ellis Briggs for his terms to re-start the flow of U.S. oil and dollars. Said Briggs in effect: "Do what you promised to do four months ago in Washington." Rhee meekly agreed to:

¶ Give up his insistence that the U.S. buy its Korean currency at the "official" rate of 180 hwan to \$1 (i.e., a free-market rate of more than 500 to \$1), accepted a 310-to-\$1 rate for the present, promised a "realistic" rate for the future.

¶ Abandon his demand for 15 more active ROK divisions (and with them, his dream of "driving north" to unify Korea on his own), and settle for the U.S. plan he had accepted in Washington—ten reserve divisions, 75 jet planes.

¶ Spend at least 25% of his U.S.-aid money in Japan. This will help the Japanese economy, and end a three-year boycott of Japanese goods which Japan-Hater Rhee has never announced officially but has made nearly 100% effective.

¶ Abandon his stalling on ratification of the U.S.-Korean mutual defense pact, which he has held up for ten months because it provides that either party can terminate it on one year's notice.

These sticking points disposed of, the two nations signed the agreement providing Korea with \$250 million in economic aid and \$450 million in military aid in 1954-55—the largest single U.S.-aid program anywhere in the world.

Syngman Rhee was a hard man to help.

INDIA

Nehruian Freedom

Among India's many minorities are its 20,000 Chinese, a mere handful among India's 360 millions. Some of them have been distressed by Nehru's friendly gestures towards Communist China. Four weeks ago Li Wei-ping, a prominent merchant and former president of the Calcutta Chinese Chamber of Commerce, made a speech roundly denouncing Red China's Mao Tse-tung. Dr. C. S. Liu, who edits the Chinese-language daily, *Chinese Journal of India*, reported the speech in his paper. Last week the Indian government jailed Merchant Li without bail under a law called the Preventive Detention Act, and ordered Editor Liu to leave the country by Nov. 30, "for offending the head of a state with whom India has friendly relations."

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

NIXON REPRESENTS NEW-STYLE DEMAGOGUE

THE COMMONWEAL, pro-Stevenson
Roman Catholic weekly:

The results of the November 2nd elections constitute, on the whole, a victory for moderation and a defeat for demagoguery. The tone of the campaign in some parts of the country was thoroughly contemptible. And for this the man chiefly responsible is the Vice President of the United States. His use of the "Red" issue against men like Senator Murray of Montana and Mr. O'Mahoney of Wyoming, his imputation of "softness toward Communism" to the entire national leadership of the Democratic Party, his cynical manipulation of the issues of peace and war for partisan advantage, his reckless playing of the security "numbers game"—in all these things Nixon propagated a dangerous tendency in our politics that could, if it goes unchallenged, destroy the foundations of decent political debate in America.

We in the U.S. have always been able to deal, in our own good way, with our more obvious demagogues, but how shall we deal with the new demagogues, who speak calumny, not in the raucous tones of a Huey Long, but in the winning accents of Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy? How shall we deal with a Richard Nixon? This [demagoguery] is the unforgivable political sin, that would make politics virtually impossible in a free society. If the hope of moderation in our national life is to survive, if a healthy working relationship between the Administration and the new Congress is to be achieved, an end to this disgusting "subversion" game must be made, once and for all. The responsibility for ending it rests squarely with President Eisenhower. For unless he checks it now, the sophisticated demagoguery of Richard Nixon may prove more disastrous for the ultimate sanity of our political life than the bit-and-miss methods of Joseph McCarthy ever threatened to be.

WEST CAN GAIN FROM ATOMIC STALEMATE

PUNDIT WALTER LIPPmann:

Sen. Knowland [sounds] more like a man having a private nightmare than like a responsible political leader. His is the familiar nightmare of how in about five years the Soviet Union will have achieved atomic armaments so great that the free world will "become paralyzed and immobilized by the realization that the United States and the

Soviet Union could act and react upon one another with overwhelming devastation." When this atomic stalemate is reached the Soviet Union will "seek to take over the peripheral nations bite by bite."

[But] the great period of Communist expansion in Europe and Asia took place while we had an atomic monopoly. China was bitten off before the Soviet Union had an atomic bomb. Since 1949 the losses and gains have not by any means been one-sided. The Communists have advanced in Indo-China. But they have suffered a great setback of enormous strategic importance in Yugoslavia.

What is more, in Western Europe as a whole the Communist position has deteriorated. All that this shows is that the relation between atomic power and the ebb and flow of Communism is complicated and indirect. There is no ground for Sen. Knowland's prediction that an atomic stalemate means the Communist conquest of the world.

There is just as good ground for believing that an atomic stalemate, which renders general war intolerable and improbable, will give the free world a better chance in the rivalry for the allegiance of mankind. To say, as he does, that in the atomic stalemate nation after nation will be "nibbled away" is to sound as if Mr. Knowland wants to go to war as soon as possible. If that is not what he believes, then he may fairly be asked to explain more clearly just what he is talking about.

KNOWLAND'S QUESTIONS SHOULD BE ANSWERED

COLUMNISTS JOSEPH AND STEWART ALSO:

Republican Majority Leader William Knowland's now famous speech warning against the dangers of an "atomic stalemate" has been much criticized for war-mongering, doomsday merchandising and bad logic. But in all the criticism of Sen. Knowland's position, no really convincing answer to the questions he posed has been forthcoming. First, he sensed that a deal with the Soviets may be in the making. Second, Knowland wants also to serve notice on the Communist rulers that there is a price which the United States will not pay for peace. Third, he wants to remind the American people that the price for peace can be too high. Finally, Knowland wants to initiate another great debate on American policy.

Knowland may be wrong. There may be, for example, some undisclosed reason why our position is really getting

better and better, as claimed, while the Soviet Union is obtaining the means to destroy us. But no one who has talked to him can doubt that the big, lumbering Republican leader is absolutely sincere in the course he has chosen.

PUBLIC PIETY IS NOT RELIGION

A. ROY ECKHARDT, Methodist professor of religion at Lehigh University, in *The Christian Century*:

Piety is more and more diffusing itself among our people, particularly in ways that supplement the regular ministry of the churches. Religious books continue to lead best-seller lists. Popular song writers profitably emphasize religious themes. Radio stations pause not simply for the usual station breaks but for recommended moments of meditation. The moviemakers know that few productions can outbox-office religious extravaganzas. The new piety has successfully invaded the halls of government. Attendance at prayer breakfasts is quite the thing for politicians these days. There is doubtless sincerity of motive in much of the new piety. It hardly follows that the new piety is to be accepted uncritically. There is nothing in the Bible to support the view that religion is necessarily a good thing. On the contrary, it is suspicious of much that passes for religion. The lamentable thing about the current revival is the failure to make discriminating judgments of differing religious outlooks.

[A] new cult counsels "personal adjustment." But adjustment to what? New Testament Christianity is hardly adjusted to its environment. It makes us seriously wonder, in fact, how much the social order is *worth* adjusting to. The gospel urges us to nonconformity: "Do not be conformed to this world but be transformed." An evil aspect of peace-of-mind religion is its acceptance, by default, of the social status quo. But its greatest sin lies in using God as a means for human ends. This is blasphemous. A rhapsodic inquiry greets us from the TV screen and the radio: "Have you talked to the Man Upstairs?" In this cult religion verges on entertainment.

The nation that best fulfills its God-given responsibilities is not necessarily the nation that displays the most religiosity. A country possessed of the might of the United States might do better to go into its closet and pray to its Father in secret rather than standing on the street corners parading its piety before men. The temptation is just about irresistible for a powerful nation to rely on its religiosity as proof of its own virtue. Thus is threatened the possibility of sober and responsible political action.



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...and new all around performance:
new Turbo-Drive for the utmost in
smooth-but-quick acceleration—new
high torque V-8 engine for instant re-
sponse in every performance range

Take a good, long look all around the new Lincoln for 1955.

Note it is new from every angle. Up front, you see a new grille, visored headlamps, brightwork that accents low lines.

Now pass your eyes along Lincoln's longer, sweeping sides, past the gleaming new fender guard. You're now at the imposing new rear deck, highlighted by those distinctive tail lights.

But don't linger too long on the outside; there's fresh excitement when you open the door. For here you see colors and fabrics and leathers that have never taken the road before.

When you sit inside, you'll feel new comfort and roominess. Then this beauty-on-wheels moves into action—and you discover the automotive news of the year: Lincoln's performance.



striking new beauty all around

You discover a new hush, a totally new response, amazing new power, no matter what the speedometer reads.

For you command the premium product of the world's foremost builders of V-8's. The new Lincoln high torque V-8 engine gives you unique power in every driving situation. And—you control all this power with Lincoln's new Turbo Drive—the first no-shift drive to offer utter smoothness plus snap acceleration. Here is performance that you never knew could exist.

But this is only a hint. One drive in a Lincoln or Lincoln Capri is the sure way to find out how magnificent your driving can be. Your Lincoln dealer is ready at your convenience.

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Relax in air-conditioned comfort . . . as you fly above the weather in Northwest's double-deck Stratocruiser, world's most luxurious airliner.



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Stretch out all you like in the wide, soft seats... enjoy a delicious complimentary meal . . . or stroll around the spacious Stratocruiser cabin.



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Enjoy your favorite beverage in the lower-deck club lounge. Only Northwest gives you Stratocruisers Coast to Coast, Alaska and the Orient.



NORTHWEST *Orient* **AIRLINES**



THE HEMISPHERE

CENTRAL AMERICA By the Dark of the Moon

The U.S. last weekend ordered jet fighters to the Panama Canal Zone, where no jets have been based for the past six years. The move was aimed at stopping a projected invasion of Costa Rica by disgruntled Costa Rican émigrés, mightily helped by Nicaragua's tough strongman, Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza.

Tacho makes no bones about hating Costa Rica's dictator-hating President José ("Pepe") Figueres, whom he blames for a trying experience last April, when Nicaraguan exiles entering from Costa Rica tried to kill him after a party at the U.S. embassy. About every dark of the moon since then, some kind of anti-Figueres plot has popped up. In July the U.S. got Somoza cooled off only after he had sent a mile-long convoy of armored cars and trucks to the Costa Rican border. But the current plot looked more like the big show than any of the warmups.

The way insiders heard it, the invaders were going to seize five ports, border towns and airfields near them. From these bases, planes would bomb Costa Rica's defenseless capital, San José. Women in the capital would be stirred up by fifth columnists to parade hysterically to the presidential residence and demand that Figueres resign, to spare his country. His enemies hoped that he would then lose his nerve and turn over his government to a rebel junta.

In this or any future plot, warplanes were obviously the key. Washington heard last week that Tacho Somoza had finally swung a deal to buy 25 U.S.-made F-51 Mustangs from Sweden. When they arrive, he will have far and away the most potent air force of any Central American nation: the F-51 was a hot plane in its day. But with deadly U.S. jets only 30 minutes away, Tacho may find that there is not money enough in Nicaragua to tempt any air soldier of fortune to risk combat in a World War II propeller job.

BRAZIL

Holding the Line

To hold the line against rampaging inflation, Brazil's new President João Café Filho is firmly and conscientiously risking his personal popularity. Earlier this month he vetoed a pay rise for 15,000 doctors who work for the federal government or institutes it sponsors. Last week as a result, Brazil's doctors threatened a nationwide sitdown strike.

Most of the doctors make such small salaries from government hospitals and the laborers' free-care institutes that they maintain private practices on the side. But with Brazil's spectacular rise in the cost of living, working-class sick or injured now flock to the free-care centers and private practice has sagged.

To make up for the loss of income, the

doctors pressured Congress to grant a 25-50% rise in their government wage. But when hardheaded Finance Minister Eugenio Gudin pointed out that the bill would add a billion cruzeiros yearly to the bulging budget, Café Filho vetoed it.

In protest, the Brazilian Medical Association called a general doctors' strike for Dec. 6—three days before Congress is scheduled to consider the veto. The doctors said that only skeleton medical crews would remain on duty to handle emergencies. But the President held firm, relying on Congress to uphold his anti-inflation program. For the delegates to the Hemisphere economic conference in Rio this week, the doctors' dilemma was a capsule review of Brazil's financial illness and Café Filho's strong medicine.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC Heir Apparent

"Our peerless leader has disclosed that the re-establishment of the office of Vice President is being considered," reported *El Caribe*, newspaper mouthpiece of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, the Dominican Republic's Generalissimo, Ambassador Extraordinary, Benefactor, etc., etc.—and for the past 24 years its Dictator. It was electrifying news. Anyone named Vice President would obviously be under grooming to take over the presidency, currently held by the Benefactor's brother and puppet, Héctor Trujillo. Approving letters, marveling at the "brilliant

suggestion of the Benefactor," began to appear, day after day, in the paper.

Discerning Dominicans, who know that letters to *El Caribe* are the Benefactor's way of informing the public about the current state of public demand, read avidly on for more clues. At last came a letter that not only seconded the creation of a vice-presidency, but significantly added that it was "absurd to deny high office to deserving Dominicans merely on the ground of youth." Nowadays, the letter explained, "young Dominicans get from their Maximum Leader . . . incomparable intellectual preparation." And that led to a logical conclusion: the minimum age for the vice-presidency, and the presidency, too, ought to be lowered from 30 to 25. Strikingly enough, the most visible Dominican in that age category is Major General Rafael Trujillo Jr., 26, better known by nickname "Ramfis."

A polo-playing six-footer, Ramfis has already had a spectacular career. When he was seven, his father made him an honorary colonel in the army, and all lesser ranks had to salute him. He studied law with tutors, but after graduation from the national university entered active army service as a second lieutenant and soon worked his way up to major general in the air force, a rise all the more remarkable because he is not a pilot.

If Ramfis becomes Vice President, he will become the regime's No. 2 boss. But No. 1, for years to come, is likely to be Ramfis' father, still vigorous at 64.



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET TRUJILLO & MAJOR GENERAL TRUJILLO
Rank hath its privileges.

C. H. Brown Co.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In Singapore. Author-Philosopher Lin (*The Importance of Living*) **Yutang**, first chancellor of the city's abuilding \$7,000,000 Nanyang University (TIME, Aug. 16), rose before some 300 women to make a speech titled "Dress Is Civilization." Cried Dr. Lin, who thinks like a Confucius but dresses like a Coolidge: "Men should dress neatly, sensibly and efficiently, but let us do away with this age-old Nordic fashion—the tie. Give us a few inches around our necks. You ladies can take off your jackets when it is too hot, and appear in your blouses. Why not men?" A curious woman in his audience then asked Dr. Lin why, contrary to his sartorial convictions, he was wearing a coat and tie. Shrugging philosophically, he replied: "I was asked by Mrs. Lin to do so."

Shortly before he gathered most of his clan (5 children, 15 grandchildren) at his Long Island home for his 70th birthday party, the unblinking beacon of U.S. Socialism. **Norman Thomas**, loosed a flood of thoughts and recollections for veteran New York Timesman A. H. Raskin. No longer a perennial also-ran (six defeats) for the U.S. presidency, roving Lecturer-Writer-Committeeman Thomas had lost none of his tongue's facile sharpness. Eyeing the rigors of a world toying with the idea of "peaceful coexistence" (he calls it "competitive coexistence"), Thomas placed his bet on the West: "Our democ-

racy is like a reluctant knight going out to engage the dragon. His armor is on awry and he drives out his horse with no flash of enthusiasm, but somehow in the end the dragon poops out and our knight wins." He glibly switched metaphors to tick off one of democracy's own current ailments: to him, Senator **Joseph McCarthy** may be viewed without hysterical wailing, as "a bad skin disease, rather than a cancer." Inevitably, onetime Presbyterian Parson Thomas reflected on the day-dream luxury of turning back the clock: "I am not such an idiot as to say that if I had my life to live over again I would not change it some, but I would not change the main lines. I might have gone further as a Republican or a Democrat, but I am not disappointed that I did not do so."

Charles A. Lindbergh, winner of a Pulitzer Prize (for last year's *The Spirit of St. Louis*, his brilliant, present-tense narrative of his 1927 transatlantic flight), put on his Air Force uniform (his first time out of mufti since before World War II) to become an active brigadier general. Long an exponent of a harder, faster U.S. military punch, Lindbergh will make a secret survey of the Air Force's super-secret guided-missile program.

Leaving her two children, Yasmin, 4 (daughter of Prince Ali Khan), and Rebecca, 9 (daughter of Orson Welles), frolicking at Lake Tahoe. Cinemactress **Rita Hayworth**, with her fourth husband, Crooner **Dick Haymes**, in tow, journeyed to nearby Reno for the climax of a Ver-



RITA HAYWORTH & DAUGHTERS
So the fairy princess gets the settlement.

sailles among divorce settlements. Yasmin was the prize. For her, Prince Aly signed away a princess's ransom of the estimated \$500 million fortune of his aging (77) father, **Aga Khan**, who dotes on Yasmin and will treasure her as one of his four heirs.* To Rita will come more than \$1,500 a month for Yasmin's support until she comes into her inheritance. In return for his largesse, Aly will get Yasmin for six weeks a year at first, longer later, and have the right to see that she grows up a good Moslem. As Rita put her name to the custody agreement, reported a lawyer later, "a smile of satisfaction crossed her face."

Elder Statesman **Herbert Hoover**, 80, took off by air for West Germany, where he will be the guest of Chancellor **Konrad Adenauer**, get an honorary degree from Tübingen's university.

In Naples, a six-man commission of solid citizens and cops grilled onetime U.S. Vice Czar **Charles ("Lucky") Luciano**, 57, deported from the U.S. in 1946. After keeping him squirming on the hot seat for half an hour, the six unanimously decided that Lucky is "socially dangerous because of well-founded suspicions that he lives on crime and by crime." Just to help him be a good boy, the commission prescribed a virtuous regimen for Luciano, ruled that for the next two years he must 1) stay home between dusk and dawn, 2) roam no farther than Naples' near suburbs, 3) check in with the cops every Sunday, 4) avoid saloons, cafés, race tracks and all shady characters except himself.

Novelist **Louis Untermeyer**, a deft-penned agrarian reformer who has made a fair amount of money by writing about



NORMAN THOMAS & GRANDCHILDREN
So the dragon poops out and the reluctant knight wins.

* The other three: Aly and his two sons by an earlier marriage, Kharim, 16, and Amyon, 15.

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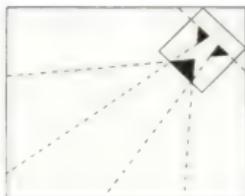
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This diagram shows how the ensemble of 3 speakers— one facing forward in the phonograph, two ideally angled in the base— send out sound beams that overlap— assuring room-wide coverage.

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saving the soil and such to make farming pay, auctioned off his 60-head herd of purebred Holstein dairy cattle, which had browsed at his famed Malabar Farm in northern Ohio. Reason for the sale, at which bids were alarmingly low: dairying didn't pay.

Oil Heir Laurance Spelman Rockefeller, 44, owner of a 650-acre plantation on St. John, small (12,200 acres), unspoiled (only one hotel) gem of the Virgin Islands, offered his land as a site for the first U.S. National Park in the Caribbean. Holder of options on about half the island, Conservationist Rockefeller hoped to pick them up, eventually hand over about two-thirds of St. John to the U.S.

Before his slated release from the Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary this week, Model Prisoner **Alger Hiss**, 50, had a "custom-



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
ALGER HISS

No cause for thanksgiving.

ary talk" with the warden. Hiss, who has served three years, eight months and five days of a five-year sentence for perjury (for denying that he had turned secret documents over to the Communists while in the State Department), could scarcely find much consolation in the warden's parting words. When, as ex-Convict 19137, he walks out of Lewisburg's gate two days after Thanksgiving Day, Lawyer Hiss will greet the world as a convicted felon, practically broke, disbarred in all courts, stripped of nearly all ordinary civil rights.

The Atomic Energy Commission announced that the first award of its special \$25,000 prize for "especially meritorious contributions" in nuclear physics will go to the University of Chicago's ailing **Dr. Enrico Fermi**, 54, Italian-born Nobel Prizewinner (1938), who presided over the first controlled nuclear chain reaction in 1942, thereby ushering in the Atomic Age.

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Biggest car of the low-price 3....A completely new car...
new chassis....Plymouth is the car to measure against. This year, of all

Here at last is a completely new car—a car in which *nothing has been borrowed from the past!*

No limit has been set upon the funds, brains or talent needed for the development of this car. Enough new ideas have gone into it for a dozen ordinary "new models."

Why did we "start from scratch" with this automobile?

The answer lies in the spirit and nature of the American people. We as a nation are dynamic—searching, young in heart . . . never really satisfied with anything short of the best. For us a car that is simply a good car, that will satisfy most needs, is not enough.

So we have built our car. Its greatly increased power and size . . . its fleet and forward-thrusting lines . . . all are in the young, heated tempo of our times.

In this, America's shining new "portrait in steel," you'll see a reflection. And that reflection will be *you*.

The New Hy-Fire V-8 Engine The newest, most advanced eight in the lowest-price field, with the Polyspheric combustion chamber. Flushing new power . . . more "go" per gallon . . . aviation performance on regular-grade gasoline. . . . Or, you may choose Plymouth's new economical high-horsepower PowerFlow 6, a rugged engine of notable simplicity, and smoothness . . . based on a design famous for thrift and reliability.

PowerFlite No-Clutch Transmission with New Flite-Control Drive Selector Finest of fully automatic transmissions. New, convenient drive selector on instrument panel—exclusively Plymouth's in the lowest-price field!

Full-Time Power Steering does 80% of the work for you, and—unlike the "other two"—does it 100% of the time!

Power Brakes make driving easier for you. New, wider pedal is suspended, both on power and regular brakes, for easier action and added foot room.

New Easy-Glide Power Seats The front seat moves forward and up or backward and down at the touch of a button. Completely effortless.



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powerful new V-8 and 6 engines...new Metal-in-Motion Styling...

years, look at all 3. When you do, you'll change to Plymouth!

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a great new car for the
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Kentucky Straight Bourbon

OLD CHARTER

MUSIC

Symphonic Novelties

Several of the nation's major symphony orchestras last week filled the air with novel sounds.

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos, played the first performance of Roy Harris' *Symphonic Epigram*. Composer Harris wrote his six minutes of music to commemorate the orchestra's 25th season of CBS broadcasts, used the letters CBS as his motive (he jimmied the letter S into the scale by using its phonetic spelling, Es, which, in German, also means the note E flat). The music was brausy somber and overwritten, and seemed to be just getting under way when it stopped.

The Boston Symphony, conducted by Charles Munch, made its Manhattan debut this season with Mario Peragallo's *Violin Concerto*. The work, by Italy's rising Composer Peragallo (44), won a first prize in Rome's Twentieth-Century Music conference last spring. A slick combination of atonal technique and Puccini-like melody, it kept Violinist Joseph Fuchs' fingers flying, pleased musical conservatives more than the radicals.

The Chicago Symphony, under Fritz Reiner, gave the U.S. premiere of Rolf Liebermann's *Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra*. The Sauter-Finegan Band—sporting bright red jackets amid the longhairs' white ties and tails—played tricky syncopations and harsh tempos that showed Swiss Composer Liebermann to be a close follower of Stan Kenton's jazz-style arrangements. The symphonic parts of the work were less exciting, but everybody, from the musicians onstage to the last hipster in the auditorium, had a fine time. Conductor Reiner, who started off his career as a percussionist, was so pleased that he took time off during a rehearsal for an impromptu jam session (*see cut*). Chicago News Critic Irving Sablosky welcomed the concert as a "meeting place . . . for twelve-tone music and its more popular cousin, 'progressive jazz' . . . This wasn't the end, man, but it was an interesting beginning."

Washington's National Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Howard Mitchell, fresh from such publicity stunts as tiny tots' concerts and a half-time concert at a Washington Redskins' football game, gave what it billed as a "Soundorama Hi-Fi Concert." Designed both to introduce hi-fi bugs to live music and to show a symphony audience how good hi-fi can be, the program was weighted with colorful scores, e.g., *Salomé's Dance*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Spanish Caprice*, etc. Part of the performance was recorded and played back over a system of 30 speakers, and some listeners could hardly tell the difference between real and electronic.

The Los Angeles Philharmonic, conducted by Alfred Wallenstein, also tried some electronic tricks. Its featured soloist was a black box—an Ampex tape recorder. The work, called *Poem of Cycles and*



DRUMMER REINER & FELLOW JAZZMEN⁹
Jam spilled at rehearsal.

Bells, was composed by Manhattan Tape-schordists Vladimir Ussachevsky and Otto Luening (TIME, Nov. 10, 1952). Described as "music trapped from beyond the range of the human ear," the solo part consisted of ordinary flute, piano and vocal sounds, recorded and then sometimes distorted beyond recognition by various mechanical and electronic means. The composition got notice as far away as Baltimore, where the *Sun* protested: "Down with Space Music . . . Give us a penny whistle." Sandwiched between Stravinsky's *Firebird* and Paul Creston's *Symphony No. 3*, the work actually was surprisingly gentle on the ears; by comparison, the unidentifiable flutings and reverberations from the machine sounded only slightly outlandish.

⁹ Handleader Sauter (left) & Finegan



TENOR DEL MONACO (CENTER) ON TRIAL IN "ANDREA CHÉNIER"
A song lesson in a high B flat.

The Met Wins a Contest

In Manhattan last week, the movies were making opera seductively easy to take. In Sol Hurok's *Aida* (see CINEMA), the young, beautiful Ethiopian slave girl really was young and beautiful (played by Italy's Sophia Loren, with the singing voice dubbed in); and while the Nile flowed realistically, the extras were dazzlingly costumed and the plot was explained in plain English. Hollywood's *Carmen Jones*, for its part, transformed the Seville siren into a beautiful American Negro factory girl, took the torero from the bull into the prize ring and turned the words from Spanish-flavored French into minstrel-show English. With all these modern wonders, the Metropolitan Opera dared to compete, by staging a revival of Umberto Giordano's opera of the French Revolution, *Andrea Chénier*, a work it has not done in 21 years.

The Met's heroine (plump Soprano Zinka Milanov) acted with all the agility of an animated Epstein statue; one of the heroes (hefty Baritone Leonard Warren) seemed to have headed to excess Marie Antoinette's famed advice, "Let them eat cake"; and the mob that broke into the Act I château seemed neither big nor fierce enough to start a good argument, let alone a revolution. Nevertheless, for anyone with an ear for music and a mind for the elaborate make-believe that is opera, the Met won out handily over its slicked-down and tricked-up competition.

In the Groove. Giordano's 58-year-old opera, loosely based on a true episode, tells how the young Poet Chénier becomes successively enamored of the French Revolution and a French beauty, only to lose both his love and his own head to the guillotine. Also swept up in the swirling action is a servant who turns revolutionary and finds his new power as bitter as his old servitude. The Italian libretto is

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full of mysterious letters, whispered warnings and preposterous melodramatics. Nevertheless, the opera does convey tremendous theatrical excitement and a sharp sense of the great revolutionary ideal that turned into vulgar tyranny. Particularly rousing in the Met's otherwise conventional staging: the trial scene, with a vicious mob of women in the courtroom bleachers demanding Chénier's blood.⁹

Composer Giordano (1867-1948) made his most successful effort with *Chénier* (others: *Fedora*, *Madame Sans-Gêne*). The opera's melodies may sing a little too much like Verdi's without Verdi's dramatic thrust; its flow may be as slippery as Wagner's without Wagner's soaring sense of continuity. But it has a ravishing choral *adagio* (Act I), a roof-raising farewell duet, and cannily applause-getting arias for all of its principal singers.

Angel-voiced Soprano Milanov, as Chénier's aristocratic amour, and archangel-voiced Baritone Warren, as a servant turned revolutionary, helped make the Met's *Chénier* a solid success, but the hit of the evening was Tenor Mario Del Monaco, in the powerful title role. When his time came, he stood back, heaved an enormous breath, spread his arms and let fly with a stunning high B flat that he held until it began to sound as if a phonograph needle was stuck in the groove.

Tenor Transformed. For Italian Tenor Del Monaco, the evening marked an amazing transformation. Del Monaco's singing career got a major boost when he was a soldier in World War II: his music-loving C.O. let him sing instead of shipping him to the front. One performance, in *Butterfly*, brought him his big chance: a buxom soprano watched the tenor sweep up his fragile leading lady and carry her offstage. The visitor was fascinated, "You must come and do it with me in Florence," she babbled. Then and there, Del Monaco earned a reputation more for force than for artistry. After a heavy workout in Florence, he moved to La Scala. His first season at the Met (1951-52) caused some terrible word-hurling. Wrote one New York Times critic of his acting in *Otello*: "His chop-licking, heart-clasping, tooth-gnashing, narrow-glancing, head-wagging, threatening, tottering behavior had the audience snickering in embarrassment." Critics admired his powerful voice, but found it cold.

Last week the critics enthusiastically reversed themselves on all counts, found his voice both strong and compelling, his acting no longer athletic. How did the change come about? Explains Tenor Del Monaco, an older and wiser man at 35: "I think and I think, so many critics, all of them, criticizing me for the same reason: 'The acting is not right, he overacts, he sings too loud.' I tell myself maybe I am wrong. So I study hard. This year I feel much better."

⁹ In real life, Poet André de Chénier (1762-94), called by French Critic Sainte-Beuve the greatest writer of French classic verse after Racine and Molière, spoke out against the revolutionaries' bloody excesses, was eventually executed for conspiring while in prison.

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TIME, NOVEMBER 29, 1954

RELIGION

Words & Works

¶ In the steel-boom area of the Delaware Valley in Bucks County, Pa., a group of Quakers set up a project that would have warmed the spirit of William Penn: a development of 140 ranch houses at Concord Park, not less than half to be reserved for Negroes. Nearby Levittown (with 10,000 homes) and the somewhat smaller Fairless Hills, serving the same steel area, do not permit Negroes.

¶ The U.S. is threatened from within as well as from without, said the Roman Catholic bishops of the U.S. in a statement issued after their annual meeting in Washington, D.C. "The enemy is atheistic materialism, whether it be entrenched in the organs of a foreign state or in one of our own domestic institutions . . . There is not yet [in the U.S.] a deliberate turning away from God, but there is an excessive preoccupation with creatures . . . [which] reveals itself as secularism in politics and government . . . avarice in business and in the professions . . . paganism in the personal lives and relations of all too many men and women."

¶ The North Carolina Baptist State Convention adopted a report of its Religious Liberty Committee urging U.S. Baptists to oppose the teaching of religious subjects in public schools as contrary to the principle of a separated church and state. Giving state support to parochial schools, said Democratic Congressman Tom Steed of Oklahoma in backing the report, "is giving away part of our freedom. To remove, destroy, weaken, or change our conception of the separation of church and state will . . . prove our undoing."

¶ "Man would be better off if the hope of a material heaven and the fear of a physical hell were completely brought to an end," said Rabbi Ira E. Sanders of Little Rock's Temple B'nai Israel. "The earth is the only place to fix our fancy," he continued, though he admitted a "reasonable hope that in some form, yet unknown, man is immortal." But the traditional heaven and hell "manufactured out of hatred and fear, are . . . as unreal and unnatural as the 'happy hunting ground' of the Indian and the warm place in the earth pictured by the Eskimos."

Cracks in the Cloister

Each Christmastime, the monks of a certain Benedictine abbey in England put whatever talents they may have to work for the entertainment of their brothers. Last Christmas one of them scratched out a collection of cartoons satirizing the cloistered life, and the brethren nearly split their blackrobed sides laughing at themselves. When Roman Catholic Publisher Francis Sheed saw the sketches in England last year, he begged to make a book of them.

The abbot gladly gave his permission. His reason: in the Middle Ages, when the religious life was close to the secular and monks were as everyday as draymen,



"Here's another very beautiful little motet. Actually it's a samba."

sanctity was less often confused with sohersedness; it would do only good, he felt, to let some laughter back in.

Our last week was the resulting volume: *Cracks in the Cloister* (Sheed & Ward; \$2.50). The anonymous author, who signs himself Brother Choleric, has never taken an hour's instruction in art, draws only for fun, and carries on the regular priestly duties of preaching and teaching. His characters in cloister clothing are crabbed, crotchety, pompous and appealing. Their shoptalk might be taken from a good public school or a business office, except that it is heavily clerical, e.g., a monk's full prostration before his bishop brings the comment: "Rather ham, don't you think?", and one catty nun will say about another: "And you should see her genitulities." The abbot on the phone burbles to his opposite number: "Well, Abbess, and how's the old blood pressure?", while a fierce little monk clutching a horsewhip snarls: "Who's pinched my relish of The Little Flower?" Most of Brother Choleric's cartoons are taken from real life. Says he: "One doesn't have to think up jokes in a monastery."



"You leave St. Thomas out of this."

Divorce for Jews

When a man hath taken a wife, and married her, and it come to pass that she find some uncleanness in her; then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house.

—Deut. 24:1

In the Jewish religion, a husband may divorce his wife at will; "some uncleanness in her" has even been interpreted to include bad cooking or fading looks. It has been up to the rabbis to hobble the tempted with rituals and restrictions. One device dating back at least to the 5th century B.C. is the *Kethubah* (literally, "what is written"), a contract by which a Jewish husband must make provision for any wife he divorces. In about A.D. 1000, Germany's Rabbi Gershom ben Judah banned polygamy for Jews of the Western world and decreed that if there were no overt offense (such as adultery) by one of the marriage partners, no divorce could be granted unless the wife agreed.

Last week Orthodox Jewish leaders, meeting in Atlantic City for the annual convention of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, were agitated by a brand-new effort to make divorce more trouble than it is worth. Dr. Louis Finkelstein, chancellor of Manhattan's Jewish Theological Seminary and leader of the Conservative Jewish movement in the U.S.,^a announced the formation of a new marriage court, to which all couples in Conservative congregations must henceforth bring their marital problems for adjudication and possible settlement before taking divorce proceedings. Couples who ignore the new body or fail to follow its recommendations may have to pay heavy fines or else leave the congregation.

But to the Orthodox rabbis, the Conservatives' new body was an unwanted and unnecessary growth on the smooth perfection of the Law. Said honorary Union President Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein of Manhattan's West Side Institutional Synagogue: "Regardless of the well-meaning intention of those who initiated the attempt . . . it is a departure from traditional procedure and practice accepted by the bulk of Jewry, and it should not and cannot be recognized by the loyal adherents to Judaism."

Leaders of Reform Judaism, well to the theological left of the Conservative branch, have for the most part abandoned *Kethubahs* and other impediments to divorce in favor of "moral suasion." They consider the Conservatives' change—the first such major innovation to be attempted in nearly 1,000 years—as "academic."

^a About 40% of the U.S.'s estimated 5,500,000 affiliated Jews belong to Conservative congregations, which stand between the religiously strict Orthodox Jews (4%), who insist on the letter of the law, and the Reform Jews (20%), who have changed the letter considerably (e.g., work on the Sabbath permitted, no hat worn in the synagogue, etc.).



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KIRKLAND

EDUCATION

Subject for Debate

When the Speech Association of America picks the annual topic for intercollegiate debates, it likes the subject to be as lively as possible. But this year's topic

"Resolved, That the United States should extend diplomatic recognition to the Communist government of China"—has proved to be livelier than usual. Last week that debate was leading to another. How controversial should a debate be?

In Nebraska, four state teachers colleges banned the topic outright. Students, said President Herbert Cushing of the Kearney, Neb., College, should not be allowed to "spend half their time arguing the Communist side." The commanding officers of Annapolis and West Point ap-

pealed to the speech association to change the topic. The future officers really be so protected against controversy? Last week Brown University challenged West Point to a debate on why the cadets should not debate the debate originally scheduled.

Marathon Strike

In tiny (pop. 500) Bradfordsville, Ky., one morning last week, Principal B. H. Crowe of the town's combined elementary-high school sat in his office, trying his best to look busy. Elsewhere in the building, five teachers pattered about their empty classrooms or gathered in the corridor for leisurely chats. As the entire staff knew, its presence was a mere formality. Not a single pupil has come to school in the last eleven weeks.

In those eleven weeks, Bradfordsville's



SCHOOL STRIKERS IN BRADFORDSVILLE, KY.
The board whittled while Protestant burned.

parently agreed. To argue the affirmative, said the Navy, would make the Academy's young men "liable to misrepresentation as well as providing the Reds a tremendous propaganda device." At Duke University, one debater reported that he had received a letter from his Congressman. "I certainly hope," warned Representative Edward Robeson, "that you will not undertake to debate the positive position of this subject, as quotations from your statements may embarrass you for the rest of your life."

The Princeton University debating panel called the various bans "an ominous imitation of the methods of the Kremlin." Added President Harry Gideonse of Brooklyn College: "You cannot waterproof the minds of the young against ideas which world politics rains down on them every day." But were the academies perhaps a special case, and if so, should the nation's

marathon school strike has turned into a full-fledged civic crusade and a major religious ruckus. It began when the Marion County school board decided to shut down the Bradfordsville high school and to transfer its students to Lebanon, ten miles away. The board tried to explain that it had only one motive for its action—it merely wanted to provide better facilities through consolidation. But to the citizens of Bradfordsville, the whole scheme seemed some sort of plot.

While other schools in the county have been getting special favors, they claim, the board has been steadily whittling away at Bradfordsville. It has refused to allow such courses as home economics, has been so parsimonious that it would not even give the school a new typewriter. But even more important is the fact that while Bradfordsville is almost entirely Protestant, the rest of Marion County

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is heavily Roman Catholic. The County school board has a Catholic majority; the superintendent, Catholic; and 43 of the 55 public-school teachers are nuns. Bradfordsville's fear: once its own high school is gone, its students will fall under too much Catholic influence.

To show how they felt, the town's parents pulled all 360 pupils out of the school. They staged some 35 demonstrations, paraded around with signs reading WE WANT JUSTICE; LET EVERYBODY PRAY; WE WANT OUR HIGH SCHOOL BACK. Last year retired Methodist Minister James C. Rawlings decided to go to court, asked that nuns be barred from teaching in the public schools. This fall the citizens filed another suit, charged that the school board was discriminating against Bradfordsville "to promote the policies and purposes of the Roman Catholic Church." Governor Lawrence Wetherby tried to suggest a compromise. But when he urged that the school be kept open pending a decision from the courts, the school board answered:

"Last week, as the strike wore on, Principal Crowe and his teachers—all Protestants—reported for duty as usual. But no one in Kentucky could tell them when, if ever, their pupils would finally show up."

Toff for a Day

To the fifth formers of Britain's silver-spooned Forest School in Shropshire, Essex, Christopher Youngs, 15, seemed too shy to be a leader, too dull to be a dormitory rogue. As a matter of fact, the boys called him Bumble. But last week old Bumble had suddenly come into his own. He had some smashing news, he told his classmates one day—and off he went to see Headmaster Gerald Miller.

"Sir," said Bumble, "I have just learned that I have inherited a preparatory school from my uncle." Headmaster Miller nodded his head, but did not show the least surprise: Forest rather expects its students to come from families with uncles who might own fashionable schools. "Very good of you to inform me, Youngs," said Miller. "Congratulations." Christopher went on to explain that his new property was not so good or so large as Forest. It was small but respectable Marlborough College with 170 students and eleven masters. "I think I will be needing some time to go and look at it," said Christopher. "But I expect my father will be calling you about it."

Sure enough, that afternoon just before the fifth form was due to fall out for cadet training (a period that Christopher particularly disliked), Headmaster Miller got the call. "This is Christopher's Father," said a gruff voice over the phone. "My lad has had the good fortune to be left Marlborough College, the prep school at Mill Hill. He would like to go over and have a look at the place. Is it all right with you?" So Christopher had his look, and when he got back to Forest at tea time, the whole student body began buzzing with the glorious tales he had.

The first thing old Bumble did when



OLD BUMBLE

The head swallowed a new school tie. He got to Marlborough, he said, was to address the entire school, masters and all. Then he sacked the matron ("She's a bit of a stinker, it seems"). After that, he gave the headmaster a terrific wiggling for overworking the boys. To top it all off, he said he was going to declare an extra day's holiday around Christmas. "What a rogue," said the boys of the fifth form. Old Bumble could certainly play the toff.

As the stories grew, Headmaster Miller began to get suspicious. He looked up Christopher's new property on the public school list, found no such place as Marlborough at Mill Hill. After telephoning Christopher's father, he also found that the boy had no uncle and no inheritance. Last week, as Headmaster Miller good-naturedly tried to decide what sort of punishment would fit Christopher's crime ("He broke every rule. But it was all so diabolically clever"), London's newspapers were having a field day. "What a corker!" cried the *Daily Express*. "Boy's Hoax Takes in All the School," said the *Daily Sketch*. "Even Huaxes the Head added the *News Chronicle*. Why had Christopher done it? "That has been so frightfully dull around here," said the boy who used to be called Bumble. "I just felt I had to stir something up."

Report Card

¶ In Manhattan, the U.S. Tax Court rendered a decision that should delight many a U.S. scholar. In a suit brought by a Guggenheim fellow who did not like the idea of paying a \$175 tax on his \$1,000 grant the court ruled: such grants are not income but gifts; no tax need be paid. ¶ Harvard, which of U.S. universities was getting richer by the minute. Last week it announced that its endowment fund hit a new high of \$465,211,619—a jump of \$87 million in just one year. ¶ The faculty of the Bedloe, N.Y., School put its collective toe down. From now on, if graded cards will not be allowed in class, writing cursers.

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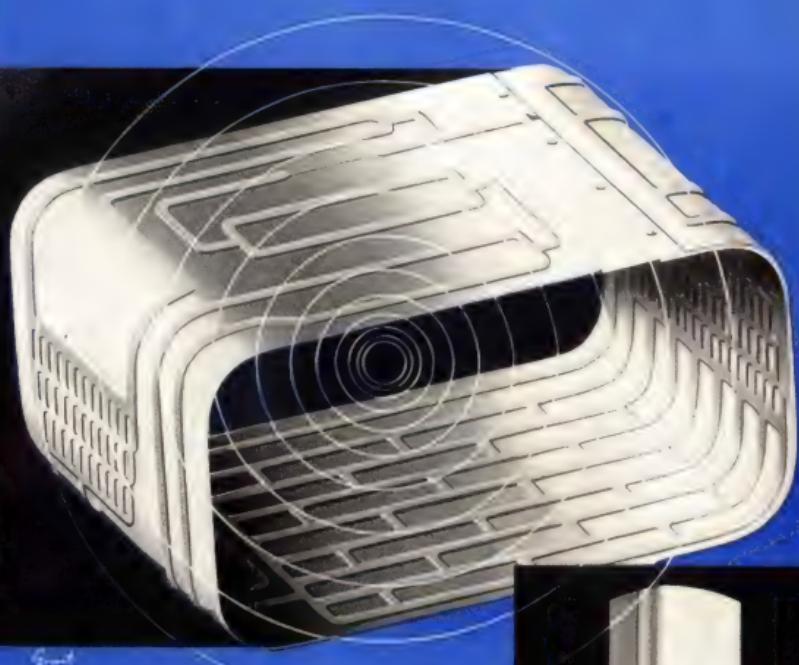
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ART

MANHATTAN: ART'S AVID NEW CAPITAL

NOTHING, it seems, can stop the slow westward drift of Western art. Its center has passed inexorably, though with innumerable minor eddies, from Athens to Rome to Paris. Now it is shifting westward once again, to Manhattan.

Externally, Manhattan is still far from deserving its new dignity. Its lofty skyline, magically beautiful from a distance, is made up mostly of architectural eyesores. The city's die-straight thoroughfares have unparalleled sweep and grandeur, but—save for Central Park—they lack sufficient stopping places for eye and feet, the attractive squares found everywhere in Paris. Finally, Manhattan can boast no artist thought great around the world (in all the U.S., there is only one of such stature: midwestern Architect Frank Lloyd Wright).

Fever and Imagination

But these arguments against Manhattan's pre-eminence as an art center mean little. The world's most admired contemporary artists are all old and mostly French. Before World War I, the geniuses of "the School of Paris"—Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Dufy, Rouault—mainly admiring each other, Paris liked them not.

If a "New York School" is now in the making, as partisans claim, it grows in an artistic climate similar to that of Paris in the 1900s. As Paris was then, Manhattan is host to thousands upon thousands of young artists from near and far, fired with enthusiasm for themselves and for each other. Many scorn the art schools, and find their instruction and inspiration in a vast weekly banquet of important and exciting art shows. Their feverish eclecticism, their penchant for picking at random among the established schools and philosophies, lends the whole a chaotic effect. But the fact remains that good art seen in such quantity and variety stretches the imaginations, and therefore the possibilities, of men.

Blue Chips and Strong Futures

The art museums of the metropolitan area boast over 3,500,000 visitors a year—more than the combined yearly attendance at Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds. Many thousands more visit Manhattan's 150 art galleries, where Superman, if so inclined, might see 1,500 exhibitions in a single season. The city's galleries and art auction houses did a total business last year as great as that of any other capital. And, say gallery men, business will be even bigger this year.

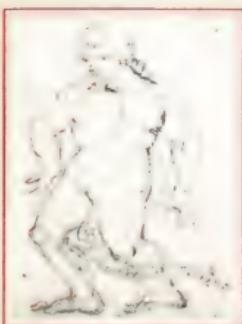
Granting that snobbery can play a large part in art collecting, the Manhattan market caters increasingly to middle-income buyers who collect little-known artists for sheer, not sneer, enjoyment. Since a layman's taste is apt to be better than he imagines, such independent collectors may find themselves possessing the blue-chip pictures of a future market. The blue chips of the School of Paris have now climbed sky-high in price, may or may not go higher. Last month Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art paid \$20,500 for a Soutine landscape that sold at only \$2,500 nine years ago.

But unlike the habitués of Wall Street, those of 57th Street (and of the East 60s and 70s, to which many galleries have recently migrated) are usually just looking. With a good visual memory and a will for the work, any looker can build a splendid art museum in his own mind—where feet never tire and the lighting is good. Among New York's candidates for such imaginary museums this week were the works shown on these pages. Their quality (and lack of it), as well as their extraordinary range, were typical of the New York art world at midseason.

Mystic & Plastic

William Blake's sketch of a thief in the toils of a serpent was included in a collection of old masters' drawings at the Durlacher Gallery. It shows the British mystic at his most frightening. Blake learned Italian in old age simply to read Dante, illustrated *The Divine Comedy* both to complement and criticize Dante's philosophy. For Blake, hell was on earth, not in the afterworld, but still he found it real enough. In Blake's drawing of Brunelleschi, the attacking serpent is not so much an infernal punishment for Brunelleschi's thievery as a symbol of the envy that made him a thief. The lightly sketched figure is lead-heavy with hatred, and seems sagging into serpentine.

The *Draped Reclining Figure* by a contemporary Briton, Henry Moore, was part of a Moore show at the Curt Valentin Gallery. Moore, as renowned in his own lifetime as Blake was scorned in his, received the usual all-out praise from Manhattan critics. The New York Times's Howard Devree went so far as to write that "the figures stand or sit or lie like members of some ancient race of prototypes of man, self-contained and with vision that goes out over larger areas of experience than those of mortals, and with a kind of wintry courage that is not



WILLIAM BLAKE
"Brunelleschi and the Serpent"



HENRY MOORE
"Draped Reclining Figure"



JOSEF ALBERS
"Homage to the Square: Ascending"



FREDERICK REMINGTON
"Hauling in the Gill Net"

more passive resignation. Moore's rhythms are those of earth itself." Non-initiates might retort that Moore's sculptures look more subhuman than superhuman. Granting its plastic power—its dramatic impact as a shape—his *Draped Reclining Figure* sadly lacks the sympathy with which Blake portrayed all human beings. It is like a lump trying to shake off a nightmare, and perhaps rise to human nature.

Two Kinds of Cold

Josef Albers' *Homage to the Square: "Ascending,"* at the brand-new Whitney Museum on 54th Street, looks almost identical in composition with the squares Albers has been painting for some time. A brilliant teacher (and chairman of Yale University's Department of Design), Albers considers all his own work experimental. By painting squares within squares of varying colors, he achieves an endless variety of odd, beautiful and sometimes disturbing effects. "I push my colors," he explains soberly, "I want to push a green so it looks red." When students complain that to "push" colors Albers limits himself to the coldly unemotional, the artist replies with a thin smile that "emotions are usually prejudices."

Things were very different when Frederic Remington attended Yale's art school (1878-80). Art's job as he learned it was to paint scenes naturalistically. A born illustrator, he roamed the vanishing West and before his early death in 1909, he did as much as any man to immortalize the Frontier. *Hauling in the Gill Net* captures the cold of work on wind-swept water; it was included in the memorial Remington show at Knoedler Galleries last week.

The Wild Ones

The Western "idea of beauty," Paris' Jean Dubuffet has proclaimed, is "a meager and not very ingenious invention." An ex-wine merchant, Dubuffet decided to help out by inventing what he calls *art brut*. But Dubuffet's works are more brutal than *brut* and have more the flavor of wet dirt than of dry wine. His *Personage on a Red Ground* graced a Dubuffet show at the Pierre Matisse Gallery this week. Other items: putrescent-looking half-length figures, pygmies roaming mud flats, luminescent cows. As usual with Dubuffet, the sloppy loudness of the whole exhibition was sure to reduce his fans to awed whispers and the rest to stunned silence. It hurts to laugh at Dubuffet, for he laughs first, defiantly.

George McNeil's *Circumnavigation* was part of a one-man show at the Egan Gallery. An abstract expressionist in the tradition of Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning, McNeil limits himself as violently as any. There is no subject matter in his pictures, only gobs of paint. It is as hard to criticize such labors as it is to laugh at Dubuffet's, for they offer no clue to their own meaning or purpose. Perhaps that is why critics generally

have treated abstract expressionism with cautious respect. But last week New York Times Critic Stuart Preston reviewed the McNeil show in a manner that may mark the turning of the tide of caution: "Color [in George McNeil's paintings] is strong and imposing and through its light and dark areas squirmropy shapes bursting their way in and out of heavy layers of pigment here and there clotted into mounds . . . This exploitation of texture for its own sake is something that characterizes a great deal of painting by the contemporary school of New York. It strikes me not so much a sign of strength as an admission of weakness, that shape and color alone are insufficient."

Light & Dark

Stephen Etnier, whose *Black Bell* hung in an Etnier exhibition at the Milch Galleries, obviously agrees that "shape and color alone are insufficient." But instead of trying to make up the difference by tortured textures, he does it with pleasant and recognizable scenes of the sort seen on vacations. His oil technique is in fact milk-thin; daylight carries what drama his pictures have. Born 51 years ago in Pennsylvania, Etnier has long based himself in a Maine fishing village and traveled frequently. The light of unsullied skies and the distance of sea horizons do much to compensate for the calculating coolness of Etnier's art. The way *Black Bell* (a buoy beached for repairs) looms toward the eye yet keeps its place in the picture is an example of his exacting craftsmanship.

The Brooklyn Museum, about half an hour from Manhattan by subway, was showing 200-odd "Masterpieces of African Art." Drawn from collections as far away as Basel, the exhibition was among the most comprehensive ever displayed. It was a delight of the sort that may result in later nightmares, however. Africa's master carvers were "masters" not in the Western but in a witch-doctor sense. Their purpose, mainly, was to carve objects for spirits to inhabit. Such artists never described, never analyzed, but only evoked. The spirits which African superstition demanded and African art evoked may be lonely as well as incomprehensible in Brooklyn, but they still weave powerful spells. It takes a dedicated collector to murmur, as one of the Brooklyn show's donors did last week: "These carvings are my friends." Brooklyn's *Maternity Figure* from the Congo can make a bronze by Henry Moore look limp—and comparatively friendly.

Every week in midseason, New York sees some 40 new art exhibitions. As the eight works shown on these pages demonstrate, they are likely to represent diametrically opposed views of life and also of art itself. Amidst such diversity, new and broader concepts of art may well form, and when that happens Manhattan will become an art center as creative as it is already avid.



JEAN DUBUFFET

"Personage on a Red Ground"



GEORGE MCNEIL

"Circumnavigation"



STEPHEN ETNIER

"The Black Bell"



BELA LULUA

TRIBE

"Maternity Figure"

THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

The Living Room (by Graham Greene) has, at worst, a very real value in the current theater: it brings darkness to light places. In this grim drama, which emerges as a kind of distinguished failure, Graham Greene begins where most of the successes leave off. Amid all its spiritual confusions, there is no touch of compromise, and though it clearly goes downhill, it never once turns off its own steeply rocky road.

The play concerns a young Roman Catholic girl who has become the mistress of a middle-aged married psychologist. She is deeply in love with him when, after her mother's death, she goes to live in a sort of religious Bleak House with two devout great-aunts and a paralyzed priest of a great-uncle. Her relatives exist in cramped fright, having sealed off—in their retreat from reality—room after room in which anyone has died. A wily, bigoted aunt first keeps the girl from running away with her lover. Then she forces the girl to confront her lover's neurotic wife and to grasp that beyond her own Catholic problem of sin, her lover is still bound by strong conjugal ties. When the girl turns imploringly to her great-uncle in his wheelchair, he tries—but in vain—to offer something more than mere platitudes and catchwords of faith; and the suffering girl commits suicide.

Greene has treated a common enough triangle story in religious rather than sociological—or even psychological—terms. The eye of God rather than of neighborhood gossips is upon it, and the problem is not only of the conscience but of the soul. This vast and difficult theme haunts its Catholic-converter playwright without for a moment ever easing his heart. Blinkered Catholicism and clear-eyed rationalism he alike denounces; indeed, beyond a blindly clutched and tormenting faith, Greene's spiritual cupboard seems bare. His well-meaning priest remarks that he has never read *Paradise Lost*—whose author also, as it happens, tried to "justify the ways of God to men." Certainly Greene's priest cannot justify them; he can only insist that they are somehow just. Greene's Jansenist mind—again in Milton's words—"can make a Hell of Heaven"; his stricken world suggests his fellow Catholic Francis Thompson's:

For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own.

But it is not the play's forbidding tone or gloomy subject matter that makes it, after an impressive first half, so palpably decline. It is, rather, its compulsion to prolong the agony without knowing how to dramatize it. The fine craftsman and melodramatist who wrote *Brighton Rock* and *The Power and the Glory*, the novelist who much more deftly approached the theme of *The Living Room* in *The Heart of the Matter*, has, in his first play, allowed his anxious emotions to overwhelm

him. *The Living Room* too much hatters its theme before the suicide, and again for a whole scene after it. Nor is the production very helpful. Walter Fitzgerald and Michael Goodliffe are good as the priest and the psychologist, but Greene's cold overwroughtness is played up rather than down; and Barbara Bel Geddes, though a charming actress, lacks the right inner simplicity and bewilderment for the heroine.

But however excessive and overspecial



Eileen Donohue (Barbara Bel Geddes)
Fitzgerald & Bel Geddes
Downhill on a rocky road.

the play may be in clawing its way toward the good life, a fair part of it has urgency and distinction. Its black-bordered script dignifies a Broadway overland of greeting cards—Broadway that itself recoils from rooms in which anyone has died.

Wedding Breakfast (by Theodore Reeves) treats the romances of two Jewish sisters who share a Manhattan flat. Ruth is a salesgirl engaged to a bookkeeper; the couple is patiently building toward marriage with a joint bank account, and they talk in comic clichés. Stella, the other sister (Lee Grant), has risen somewhat smoothly above her background: a college graduate with a magazine job, she was engaged to a doctor who has just married someone else. She is down in the mouth when she meets the bookkeeper's bright cousin Ralph (Anthony Franciosa) who sells hardware in Buffalo. Ralph falls for her, rushes her, wants to marry her. She loves him, but the intellectual snob (rather than the realist) in her resists Buffalo and hardware. When she begs Ralph to study for a profession, he flares up and walks out on her. When she confesses her mistake, he walks out on her a second time; but when the curtain falls, he is briskly walking back.

Playwright Reeves gets just serious enough in *Wedding Breakfast* to make things ring false. Though his double story in one sense shrinks its contrasts in values, he never really probes or assesses them, for one thing because both his heroines are the next thing to caricatures. But beyond that, Stella's story emerges as merely rigged up, as movie romance pretending to be a problem play, as *Boy Meets Girl* striking the attitudes of Character Is Fate. Even as romance, it is needlessly shabby; by the time a guy walks out on a girl twice, the playwright, at least, should know his own mind.

By comparison, Ruth's story—helped by winning performances from Virginia Vincent and Harvey Lembeck—is entertaining, though at an inch-above-comic-strip level. It suggests that when Playwright Reeves abandons pretenses and writes to please in a straight popular-comedy vein, he may very well prove pleasing.

Old Play in Manhattan

Abie's Irish Rose (by Anne Nichols) is much more, of course, than a bit of debris out of Broadway's past. It might even be considered Broadway's most sacred relic: at any rate its five-year run remains the greatest of Broadway miracles. How great a miracle only those who see it today can be quite sure. It has been brought up to date in various little ways, but with the utmost tact, and in all essentials is every bit as stupefying as it was in 1922.

Curtains

It takes a heap of money to put a show into a Broadway house, and a heap more to keep it there. A smash-hit musical like *The Pajama Game* (TIME, May 24) cost a relatively low \$190,000 to get started but it has to gross \$11,000 a week to break even. *Funny* cost its producers \$265,000, has a weekly break-even figure of \$34,000 and must run 17 weeks to pay off its cost. In *Funny*'s case, however, there is little worry—it's weekly gross so far is a whopping \$66,000.

But there is no longer any such thing as a small Broadway hit, or a small total investment. Last week *The Traveling Lady*, which made a star out of Actress Kim Stanley (TIME, Nov. 8), shut down after 30 performances, although it cost only \$55,000 to capitalize. *All Summer Long*, which had a modest advance sale on the basis of Playwright Robert (Tea and Sympathy) Anderson's prestige, closed a week earlier after 60 performances and a loss of some \$65,000. The season's first casualty, the Theatre Guild's *Home Is the Hero*, was financed at \$40,000, cost a carefully budgeted \$26,000 to open, lost \$32,000, ran for 60 performances, closed.

In Chicago, Actress Jean Arthur, after nine weeks in an \$80,000 traveling production of Shaw's *Saint Joan*, developed a severe virus infection, flew to New York without telling the management before hand. The show closed at a loss to the producers of \$100,000.

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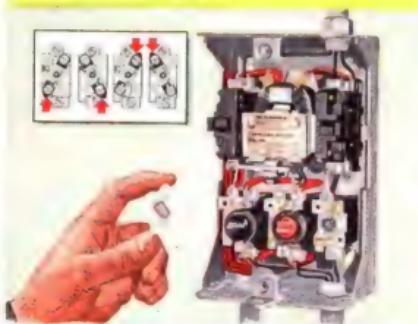
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MEDICINE

Red, White & Platelets

Every day in countless U.S. hospitals a doctor wants to infuse red blood cells into the veins of an anemic patient. So he takes a pint or more of whole blood and lets it stand. After a while, the red cells (40% of the total) settle to the bottom, along with dead white cells and platelets. A technician draws off the plasma and throws it away. At the same moment, possibly in a hospital across the street, another doctor wants to give plasma to a victim of burns or surgical shock. To save time, he usually gives whole blood, although all he wants is plasma. This way, a Niagara of blood has been wasted, because there has been no

glycerin from the red cells without damaging them. With this machine, Dr. Tullis intended well beyond two years. So far, only six of the new machines have been built, but as they become generally available, doctors who want red cells will be able simply to go to the freezer for them.

An Iceman Will Do. In preserving the blood's white cells (twice as big as the red, 7,000 to a cu. mm.), researchers had reported no comparable success. But they had at least some good news: they have concentrated the substance (a protein) that stimulates white cells to devour invading bacteria and thus makes them the body's shock troops against infection. If an injection could whet the white cells' appetite, it would be a powerful reinforcement of the body's natural defenses.

More mysterious than the red or white cells are the blood's tiny platelets (one twenty-five-thousandths in. in diameter, 200,000 to the cu. mm.). Nobody knows quite how they work, but they are essential to blood clotting. When they are absent, as in certain types of leukemia the patient may die from internal bleeding through microscopic holes in the walls of blood vessels. Platelets, it was long feared, were too fragile ever to be preserved. But Dr. Tullis and his colleagues have found that by handling blood in nonwettable plastic vessels, and removing other clotting proteins, platelets can be separated and kept indefinitely at ordinary icebox temperatures.

It will take time to make the platelet-processing technique generally available. But eventually, it will be a strong line of defense for radiation casualties. At Hiroshima, many of the nonviolent deaths were from internal bleeding caused by damage to the victims' platelets.

Capsules

Tic douloureux, a form of facial neuralgia often rated the most painful of afflictions, has been relieved for as long as two years by a drug called stilbamidine, taken orally or by injection, reported two Maryland doctors. Previous treatments (cutting a facial nerve or deadening it with alcohol injections) left the patient with no sensation or "phantom" sensations on one side of his face.

For unusually nervous wives, Chicago's Dr. Walter C. Alvarez offered a prescription: "Learn to live a day at a time, for getting old unhappinesses and not worrying about the morrow. Go to bed at 9 p.m." For their husbands: "Help in the kitchen at night will do the woman immensely more good than an operation."

A lead toward development of a vaccine against measles was reported by famed Virologist John F. Enders (*TIME*, Nov. 1) of Boston's Children's Medical Center: he thinks he has trapped the elusive measles virus and got it growing in tissue-culture tubes. If this is confirmed, further steps would follow along the lines that led to the Salk polio vaccine.

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practical method of keeping red cells or whole blood more than about three weeks, and keeping plasma is even more difficult.

Like a Washing Machine. Last week blood specialists meeting in Boston heard exciting reports of new ways of handling blood so that all its parts will be as fully utilized as a pig in a packinghouse. Of outstanding importance was the news about red cells. There are 5,000,000 or more of these (each about one four-thousandths in. in diameter) in a cubic-millimeter droplet of blood. It has always been easy to separate them, and recently a method of freezing them in glycerin was perfected. The trick is to get them out of the glycerin undamaged, and that has taken hours of complex effort.

Now the job can be done quickly and easily, reported Dr. James Lyman Tullis of Harvard's Blood Characterization Laboratory. Key to this success is a refinement of the late Edwin J. Cohn's fractionation machine, which used to fill a 32-fl. trailer (*TIME*, Oct. 23, 1950) and has now been squeezed down to the size of a dishwasher. This uncanny apparatus has been adapted and taught to wash the



Bobby Layne (22) PASSING, BILL BOWMAN (84) BLOCKING (AGAINST THE BALTIMORE COLTS)
"You're nuthin' without them ten big brothers."

Walter Sennett

A Pride of Lions

(See Cover)

It was football's biggest weekend. All Saturday morning, rain fell on Columbus. But it stopped by noon, and on the stadium's dry turf Ohio State came back in the fourth quarter to whip Michigan, 21-7. Nor since Chicago, coached by Amos Alonzo Stagg, turned the trick in 1913 had a Big Ten team won seven straight conference games; the Buckeyes were Big Ten champs and Rose Bowl-bound. All evening Columbus echoed to *California, Here I Come!*

In the Los Angeles Coliseum, 102,000 fans, largest crowd of the season, sweltered in 101° heat while U.C.L.A., the nation's top team, ran all over the University of Southern California in the last six minutes and won the Pacific Coast championship, 34-0. Back in the East, a left-handed passer named Frank White lobbed a 39-yd. toss over the heads of the Yale secondary and Harvard won its first Big Three title since 1941 (13-6). In the Southwest, Oklahoma trounced the Nebraska Cornhuskers, 55-7, to take its seventh successive Big Seven title. And in the second oldest college rivalry in the country, dear old Rutgers walloped Columbia (45-12) for the first time since 1881.

It was a Saturday for the record books — filled with screeching runs and moaning fumbles, with sad upsets and the wild enthusiasm of undergraduate loyalties. But on Sunday, fans who wanted to see football at its best turned out to see the pros. From Green Bay, Wis., to New York's Polo Grounds, stadiums rocked to the sound of big men butting heads for cash. In the fall of 1954, a large part of the U.S. public is learning what dedicated sportsmen have been saying for years: that Saturday's college boys play a game while Sunday's pros practice a high and violent art. After half a century of trying to capture the fans' fancy, pro football has finally made the grade.

SPORT

Era of Cash & Glory. Today, more than 2,000,000 spectators cram into the country's biggest stadiums between the end of September and the middle of December, to watch the pros play ball. Last year, for the first time on record, eleven out of twelve teams in the National Football League finished the season in the black. Income: about \$60,000 per club from exhibition games, about \$125,000 a season per club from TV and radio, a league total of almost \$6,000,000 from the turnstiles. Such popularity — says

former University of Chicago President Robert M. Hutchins, may soon be siphoning paying customers away from the collegiate box office. As far as Hutchins is concerned, that would be fine. Both he and New York University's Chancellor Henry T. Haldé agree that high-pressure college football has become a high-power nuisance.

Of all the pro teams, the best (for the last three seasons) is the Detroit Lions. And the best of all the Lions, the best quarterback in the world, is Robert Lawrence Layne, a blond, bandy-legged Texan with a prairie squint in his narrow blue eyes and an unathletic jaunty puffing out his ample frame (6 ft. 2 in., 195 lbs.), Layne, a T-formation specialist, led the Lions out of the National Football League's cellar, called the plays and fired the passes that won them the national championship in 1952 and 1953. He is currently doing his bruising best to repeat that performance. As of this week, the Lions have been defeated only once (by the San Francisco Forty Niners).

Layne himself likes to minimize his importance to the team. "You're nuthin' without them ten big brothers," he drawls. But brother Bobby is more than just another quarterback. "Let me give you an example," says Bob McClellan, sports editor of the *Detroit Times*. "It's the L.A. Coliseum, fourth quarter. The Rams lead, 24-20. Remember? The Rams kick off and the Lions get the ball on their own 20-yard line. Bobby looks at the clock. There's ten minutes to play. Does Bobby throw the ball around like crazy and try for a quick touchdown? Hell no! That would give the Rams six minutes to catch up. Bobby takes his own sweet time. He uses up more than six minutes. Then he makes his touchdown and the Lions win. That's the kind of an old pro's trick Layne pulls all the time. He's dynamite when he smells that goal line."

How Rough Can It Get? The intricate play patterns that swirl into organized confusion are often tricky to follow,



LION COACH PARKER
Spies are everywhere.

Ray E. Brown

From any spot in the field, the pros are capable of pulling the perfect play: that heart-warming performance when every blocker gets his man and a long pass connects or a shifty runner is shaken loose for a touchdown. The man in the stands needs a quick eye to spot the subtleties of down-and-out pass patterns (ends charging straight downfield, then suddenly cutting for the sidelines), flaring halfbacks (who sneak through the line of scrimmage to take a pass in the flat) and looping defenses (in which defensive linemen feint to one side before charging to the other).

Not only do the pros play better and more complex football than even the best college teams, they also play rougher. "We play rough and we teach rough," says Lion Coach Buddy Parker. "And when I say rough I don't mean poking a guy in the eye. I mean gang tackling—right close to piling on."

If mugging goes on, it obviously goes best at the bottom of a pile-up. Ball carriers who join the pros fresh from the unskilled slugfests of collegiate football learn fast how to fall with knees doubled and cleats in the air—a practice nicely calculated to scare off any unnecessary tackler. A runner who doesn't throw his arm in front of his face the moment he is brought down is either foolhardy or unconscious.

How to Keep Your Teeth. The Lions take just about as much as they dish out. And most of them agree that Don Paul (6 ft. 1 in., 225 lbs.), captain of the Los Angeles Rams and a rib-cracking linebacker of the old school, is the dirtiest player in the league. Pro football being what it is, Paul takes this judgment for what it is meant to be—sheer flattery. "I play the Lions' kind of football," says Paul. "I don't hit with my fists, but when I hit a ball carrier and there is a split second between then and the time the whistle blows, I hit him again, hard." As far as Paul is concerned, the difference between a good pro player and a good college player can be summed up easily: "In the pros, you know how to get that extra leverage to be able to hit hard. You know how to hit and then be able to keep your feet to hit again. On top of everything else, you're 40 to 60 pounds heavier and 50% meaner."

Just in case that meanness ever begins to mellow, pro players have coaches such as the Chicago Cardinals' "Jumbo" Joe Stydahar. A mild-mannered nervous wreck in his spare time, Joe used to be one of the nastiest customers ever to play professional ball. Once, playing tackle for the Chicago Bears, Stydahar walloped an opponent so hard that the man's arm was ripped open. Astonished officials insisted Joe must have bitten his nose; they even examined his mouth. It was a waste of time. Joe couldn't have bitten if he wanted to. He had lost his teeth long ago, in forgotten scrimmages. Years later, when he was coaching the Rams and his team had absorbed a 49-14 shellacking from Greasy Neale's Eagles, Joe raged through the dressing room. "No wonder you guys

get kicked around," he roared. "Every guy on this team has still got all his teeth!"

Today's players get a little help hanging onto their molars; their big helmets often have plastic faceguards to give them some measure of protection. Still, the scars of battle are inevitable. When the Forty-Niners' Fullback Hardy Brown was carried out of his first game with the Lions this year, his groin ripped open by a set of slashing cleats, a reporter in the press box had the last word: "Pro football is

up with a boy named Doak Walker on the football field of Highland Park High School.

Bobby began his career as a guard, but before long he was calling signals from the tailback slot in Highland Park's single wing. Day after day, when the rest of the squad had finished practice, the two boys would work at place-kicking—Bobby holding, Doak booting—until it was too dark to see the goal posts. After the football season, Bobby played basketball; one



MIDDLE GUARD BINGAMAN v. SAN FRANCISCO'S FORTY NINERS
The last defense is a moment offensively.

getting like atomic war. There are no winners, only survivors.

The Making of a Quarterback. "This is a man's game," says Bobby Layne, one of the outstanding survivors. "You have to grow into a man to play it right. A quarterback takes about three years before he knows halfway what's going on. You never really learn this damn thing."

Other players would argue that Bobby has learned more than enough. He has been a football hero ever since his school days. Born in the "little bit of town" of Santa Anna, Texas (pop. 1,600), Bobby was only six years old when his father died and he was sent to Fort Worth to live with an aunt and uncle. By the time he was ready for junior high, his adopted parents moved to Dallas, where he teamed

spring he pitched the local American Legion baseball team to the state championship. By the time he entered the University of Texas in 1944, he was good enough for a baseball scholarship. In four years at Texas he never lost a conference baseball game.

But Bobby was a football player at heart. As a freshman he was still playing tailback in Coach Dana X. Bible's conservative single-wing. He was just getting the hang of college football when the draft started to worry him. He and Doak joined the merchant marines, but the war was over before they ever got to sea. Bobby went back to Austin while Doak went to S.M.U. On the first Saturday after they got back they were opponents on the football field. Walker ran 50 yds. for one touchdown

Layne pitched passes for two. (Final score: Texas 12, S.M.U. 7.)

Nightmare in Manhattan. In his junior year, Bobby and Texas were beaten only twice, by Texas Christian and Rice. As a senior, Bobby went to work for a new coach: Blair Cherry, who gave him his first lessons in the intricacies of the T. Meanwhile, Bobby had also found time to marry a pretty Texas coed, Carol Ann Krueger, but his first love was still football. Coach Cherry recalls taking Bobby and his wife to the Chicago Cardinal camp in the summer of 1947. "Bobby never forgot for a moment that the purpose of the trip was to learn about the T," says Cherry. "On the way up, we'd all get out of the car when we stopped for gas. Bobby would get his wife behind the ear, have her bend over and serve as a center while he practiced the way he thought a T-quarterback would play. Those service-station attendants probably thought he

"Brother, what a team," says Layne as he looks back on those days in Manhattan. "What a nightmare! I weighed 205 lbs. when I reported; I weighed 176 when the season was over. We won only one and tied one out of 18 games. At the end of 1949 I was ready to give up football, but I got traded to Detroit."

Up from Snooker. When Layne joined them, the Lions, like almost every other professional team, had money troubles. Professional football had always had money troubles, and it had never become quite respectable. The fact that the first game on record (between Latrobe, Pa., and Jeannette, Pa., in August 1895) was sponsored by the Latrobe Y.M.C.A. impressed no one. Professional football, in its early days, had the social standing of snooker pool—it might be legal, but no nice person would bother with it.

Here and there, though, there were college men who developed a taste for the

Jim Thorpe and West Virginia Wesleyan's Earle ("Greasy") Neale. In 1925 Harold ("Red") Grange, the Galloping Ghost, suddenly quit the University of Illinois and signed with the Chicago Bears. Newspapers cried havoc: a clean college kid was being "corrupted." After a two-week exhibition tour with the Bears, his share of the gate alone came to \$50,000.

Slowly the crowds kept growing. Sammy Baugh and Davey O'Brien came up out of Texas to pitch passes that would help put the league on its feet. Sid Luckman taught the Bears that a kid from the streets of Brooklyn could play with the best of them. In 1946 De Benneville ("Bert") Bell, onetime owner and coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, became pro football commissioner (present salary: \$40,000). Under gravel-voiced Bert, pro football finally came of age.

Peace & the FBI. Commissioner Bell runs the league with a firm hand, has prevented warfare between teams except on the field. Today players are scouted at almost every college in the country, and each winter, owners and coaches get together to take their pick. To avoid squabbles, the choice is made in order of the teams' standing in the league: the cellar club picks first.

Bert Bell has kept pro football remarkably honest. He has a sharp eye cocked for any sign that gamblers are getting next to his boys. Let the odds on a game change sharply, and a team of ex-FBI agents investigates any hint that the game might be fixed.

While Bell was reviving the league as a whole, the Lions were having their troubles—mostly with the wrong kind of coaching. From Alvin ("Bo") McMillin, a veteran of the famed "Praying Colonels" of Kentucky's Centre College. Most Lions accused "Bo" of trying to turn them into a bunch of Boy Scouts. In two years (1948-49) they lost 18 games and won six. But with the new Quarterback Bobby Layne and new Coach Buddy Parker, the Lions began to roar with new vigor. By 1952 they took over the top spot in the league and finished the season \$14,000 ahead. (Last year they made \$10,000.)

How to Run a Team. A tall, stooped, scholarly gentleman, rider with monumental superstitions. Coach Parker has learned to live with the fact that his team is not composed of unduly sober citizens. If now and then they belt the bottle (or some barroom companion), Buddy will forgive them—so long as they show up sober for practice.

Most of the time, Coach Parker is too busy to bother with such minor sins. When he is not supervising practice sessions, he is studying movies of last week's game, spotting mistakes, scheming for new ways to confound his opponents. Day after day the team pores over minutely detailed analyses of its opponents' tactics. Each week each player gets a mimeographed booklet containing a complete dossier on their Sunday rivals. Every man is warned about the football style he will have to cope with, and thoroughly schooled in his opponents' idiosyncrasies (e.g., "declares



BOBBY LAYNE & FAMILY
At gas stations, T for two.

was crazy." Bobby and Texas lost only one game that year—to S.M.U. and Doak Walker. 14-13.

In his last year at Texas, Bobby made nearly every All-America team in the country; the pros were waiting for him with open pocketbooks. In those days the newly formed All-America Conference was fighting for its life (it eventually folded in 1949), and competitive bidding gave players a better break than they have known before or since. Bobby finally signed with the Chicago Bears for a bonus of \$10,000, a salary of \$18,000 and promised raises of \$1,000.

For a couple of years, Bobby was booted around from team to team. The usually astute George Halas, coach and owner of the Bears, let the future star slip through his fingers and traded him to the now defunct New York Bulldogs.

game. Most of the time they were paid off in black eyes and broken heads—plus whatever a teammate could pick up by passing the hat. But they played on. Princeton's Arthur Poe and Yale's "Pudge" Helffleinger turned out in Pittsburgh around the turn of the century. In 1902 a young man named Connie Mack claimed the "Championship of the U.S." for his Philadelphia Athletics after risking the good left arm of his prize pitcher, Ruhe Waddell, in the Athletics' football line-up. And in the title game that year, Pittsburgh fielded another big-league pitcher: a fireball artist named Christy Mathewson.

Just after World War I, pro ranks were filled with the names of men who devoted their lives to American football: Notre Dame's Knute Rockne and Gus Dorais, Pittsburgh's Jock Sutherland, Carlisle's



"I WAS GOING TOO FAST, MOM!"

"**Y**ES, you were, Billy . . . Luckily it's only a scratch. Many drivers aren't as fortunate!"

Mother is right teaching Billy to be more careful. Last year excessive speed was the most frequent traffic law violation. 29% of the motorists in fatal accidents were going too fast for road conditions.

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himself first," "anxious," or "weak on man to man").

When game time comes round and No. 2—Quarterback Layne—moves into the huddle, he is able to choose from a wide variety of plays as he tries to outguess the opposition—and he speaks a lingo that is pro football's own creation. "Take passes," explains Bobby. "We have all kinds of pass patterns. You throw passes off your running fakes. You have a 'Divide,' a 'Swing Pass' [in which a back swings out to receive instead of going Up and Out], a 'Crossover' [in which an end or wing-back cuts diagonally across the line of scrimmage to take a short, hard pass]. If I want to pass to an end, I might call for a '9 Bend Out' [the numeral designating the player who will receive the pass]. For a back, I might call a '4 Up and Out.'

Play numbers are not the only figures that interest Coach Parker. He takes continual precautions never to be caught with a hotel room, a hat check or a ticket of any sort whose digits add up to 13. As far as Buddy is concerned, even a number like 101 is forbidden.

On the Offensive. The Lions are always on the prowl for new material, and they spend at least \$70,000 a year to keep assistant college coaches in each of the N.C.A.A. districts on their payroll as scouts. Even though some schools—notably the Big Ten—have declared war on the pros, reports roll in regularly to the Lion office. "We've got no quarrel with the colleges," insists Commissioner Bell. "Our Saturday night and Sunday games don't hurt their gate as much as they claim. We have their best interests at heart. They're our farm system."

Scouts are also busy keeping watch on the rest of the league—to learn the opposition's tactics. Coach Parker never quite gets over the suspicion that enemy agents are everywhere. Once, when a railroad switch engine idled back and forth on a track that passed the Lions' practice field Parker looked up to see the engineer and fireman watching the workout. He promptly halted practice. "For all I know George Halas could be sitting in the cab of that locomotive," he explained.

Chances are that a scouting report on the Lions would not give the opposition much peace of mind. It would only remind them that when Bobby Layne drops back to pass, he is perfectly capable of changing his mind and running with the drive of a fullback. When he does fire the ball, he can pick his target from such amiable giants as Notre Dame's Leon Hart (6 ft., 5 in., 250 lbs.) and Michigan State's Dorne Dibble (6 ft., 2 in., 105 lbs.). Going downfield along with the two ends will be such tough backs as Indiana's Bob Hoensmeyer (6 ft., 105 lbs.), Wisconsin's Jug Girard (5 ft., 11 in., 175 lbs.) or Bobby's old pal Doak Walker (5 ft., 10 in., 172 lbs.). Any one of them is capable of snagging the ball despite defensive backs draped all over his anatomy.

Up forward, holding off the enemy, giving Bobby all the time in the world to call his shots, will be some of the heftiest linemen in professional football. Any of the



THE DIRTIEST (DETROIT'S CHOICE)
'I play the Lions' kind of football.'

seven monsters is as awesome as William and Mary's Lou Creekmur (6 ft. 4 in., 250 lbs.), a smiling assassin who drew more holding penalties than any other player during his first few years, but is now amazingly adept at that proscribed practice.

On the Defensive. Defensively, the Lions have an equally formidable line-up. Hip-deep in burly specialists, the pros have stuck to two platoons, and somewhere in the shuffle when the ball changes hands, the basic defensive line dwindles from seven to five men. There are still two ends and two tackles, but such old-fashioned operators as the guards and center have lost out to an energetic strongman known as the middle guard. On the Lions, this vital hole is plugged by Les Bingaman (6 ft., 3 in.), a mammoth gentleman who learned his manners at the University of Illinois. Weighing in at 349½ lbs. (Coach Parker had to borrow a livestock scale from the Farm Credit Bureau before he could be sure), Bingo has the girth of a pair of operatic Amazons and a chest to match. He can move fast if he has to—for a few precious yards—but mostly he waits and the plays pile up around him. Bingo stops runners the way Pepper Martin used to field ground balls—with his stomach.

In the defensive secondary, the Lions' opponents who are lucky enough to get that far run head on into a pair of rough-and-ready linebackers, Washington State's LaVern Torgeson (6 ft., 215 lbs., and a team co-captain along with Thurman McGraw) and Pitt's Joe Schmidt (6 ft., 220 lbs.). Normally, Torgeson and Schmidt

Captain Don Paul of the Los Angeles Rams

TIME, NOVEMBER 29, 1954

line up with one foot between a tackle and end, then drift back as they diagnose the play. No one bothers hacking up Bingaman. Says Coach Parker: "It would be a waste of manpower."

Behind the linebackers wait the port and starboard up-backs: Colorado A. & M.'s Jim David (5 ft., 10 in., 175 lbs.) and U.C.L.A.'s Bill Stits (6 ft., 180 lbs.). Cat-nimble and quick of eye, these two are the backbone of the Lions' pass defense. Tag-end men in that airtight backfield are two of the swiftest safety men in football: Colorado A. & M.'s Jack Christiansen (6 ft. 1 in., 185 lbs.) and Syracuse's Carl Karilivacz (6 ft., 185 lbs.).

A Sporting Life. No matter how rough or tricky the game, pro players never seem to lose the happy-go-lucky attitude of men who like the way they earn their living. No matter how hard a beating he absorbs on the field, Bobby Layne, for one, has an insatiable appetite for sport. A chronic gambler, he will try anything at which he has a chance to win. He has been known to toss thousands on the tables at Las Vegas, but he much prefers to make his bets on games of skill. Anyone who takes him on at golf had better shoot in the low 70s.

When he isn't playing, Bobby spends most of his time with his wife Carol Ann and their two children, Rob, 6, and Alan 1½ months. Since Rob started school, Carol Ann and the children have stayed home in Lubbock, Texas during the football season. But off season, Bobby Sr. is just another businessman and father. He now earns about \$20,000 a year with the Lions, plus a small share of their gate receipts—which is well above the relatively low average (\$7,500) for pro football players. But at 27, Bobby knows well that he has precious few more years of football ahead of him. So far he has already started in the oil business with his old coach, Blair Cherry.

Under the benevolent paternalism of Commissioner Bell, every team in the league encourages its players to engage in such extracurricular activities, against the inevitable day when they will be too old and battered to butt heads for a living. The Green Bay Packers' former great end, Don Hutson, owns the town's finest howling alley; the New York Giants' Kyle Rote peddles insurance and packaged kitchens.

Hardly any pro football player is in the game just because it pays. Most of them could make more elsewhere. And most of them stay in football because they have a feeling for the game—the sort of feeling Bobby Layne expresses when he rambles on about what playing is really like. "I kid a lot in the huddle, 'cause I don't like the pressure to build," he muses. "I remind the guys of the good time we're going to have when the game's over, that kind of thing. But one thing Rusty Russell, my old high-school coach, used to say always stuck in my book. He used to say, 'There's no such thing in my book as a good loser.' It's the kinda feeling you got to have to be a winner. It's kinda like the New York Yankees. Those guys win about 30% of

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their games because they got those pin-stripe suits on. It's habit-forming, that winning or losing. The Lions have fallen into good habits."

Soul of a Sophomore. This week in Green Bay, the Lions again tested their habit, and Layne, as usual, made all the difference. Passing for two touchdowns, and running for a third, he beat the Packers 21-17. With only four games left to go (including a Thanksgiving-day rematch with the Packers), the Lions need only one more victory to sew up their third straight Western Conference championship.

In the process of winning, the Lions demonstrated again that the roughest pro in the game still has the soul of a Sophomore. After Layne sneaked over for his third touchdown, aroused Packers who had tackled him too late tossed him back to the 5-yd. line. Layne laughed out loud at such manhandling. He was having the time of his life. "They're a wild bunch," says one of their opponents, "but they have an *esprit de corps* which most coaches in the league feel keeps them on top. It sounds sorta high-schoolish but in that play-off game for the championship last year, the Browns were ahead, 16-10, there were only a couple of minutes left to play, and the Lions had 80 yards or something to go for the winning touchdown. But in the huddle, Layne told them in that silly old Texas drawl of his, 'Jes' block a little bit, fellers, and ol' Bobby'll pass ya right to the champion-ship. And he went and did it."

Not a man in Detroit this week dares say out loud that Bobby won't do it again.

Scoreboard

¶ In a \$1,000,000 baseball swap, the New York Yankees talked the Baltimore Orioles out of seven players, including "Bullet" Bob Turley, one of the best pitchers in the American League. In exchange the second-division Orioles picked up aging Outfielder Gene Woodling, weak-hitting Innelder Willie Miranda and seven other men.

¶ In San Francisco's Cow Palace, Jimmy Carter, a workmanlike lightweight when he feels like fighting, spent 14 rounds belting Champion Paddy DeMarco before he beat him to the canvas for good in the 12th and regained the title that he lost last spring (TIME, March 15).

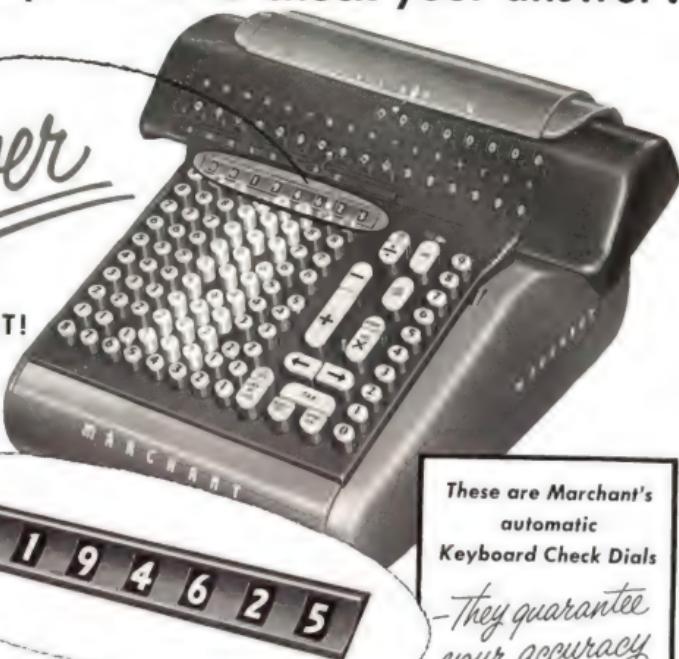
¶ In Sydney, Australia, Tony Trabert and Ham Richardson, the two top-seeded Americans in the New South Wales tennis championship, put on a miserable performance and were knocked out in early rounds. Winner in the all-Australian final: Rex Hartwig over left-hander Mervyn Rose, 6-3, 6-4, 8-6.

¶ In Paris, Ky., on the day the Gallant Fox Memorial Handicap was being run at Jamaica, Belair Stud's great bay stallion Gallant Fox died at the age of 27. One of the few thoroughbreds ever to win racing's Triple Crown (The Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes in 1930), the Fox of Belair also was the first such winner to sire another; his son, Omaha, turned the trick in 1935.

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Take your choice. There's new Overdrive teamed with the new V8 or the new "Blue-Flame 123." There's Powerglide teamed with the

new V8 or the new "Blue-Flame 136." (Powerglide and Overdrive are extra-cost options.) And there's a new standard transmission teamed with the new V8 or the "Blue-Flame 123."

WONDERFUL NEW GLIDE-RIDE

FRONT SUSPENSION! New spherical joints flex freely to cushion road shocks. New Anti-Dive Braking Control, exclusive with Chevrolet, assures "heads up" stops.

A VENTILATING SYSTEM THAT

REALLY WORKS! Chevrolet's new High-Level Ventilating System takes in air at hood-high level, away from road heat, fumes and dust.

NEW OUTRIGGER REAR SPRINGS!

Rear springs are longer—and they're

attached at the outside of the frame to give you greater stability in cornering.

EVEN AIR CONDITIONING, IF YOU

WISH! Air is heated or cooled by a single highly efficient unit. This is only one of the wonderful extra-cost options you can get!

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A NEW CONCEPT OF LOW-COST MOTORING



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You light up your home—without a thought of fire

FAULTY WIRING AND POOR INSTALLATION have always been a potential cause of fire. Yet you switch on your lights without a thought of fire—because fire insurance is always on the job protecting you. To safeguard your home against these hazards, fire protection engineers, together with the electrical industry and Underwriters' Laboratories, have established safe electrical standards which are used all over the country.

This is one of the jobs of the capi-

tal stock fire insurance companies—to protect you, your home, your family, job or business, every hour of the day and night.

Fires, explosions, windstorms are constant threats. You guard your health by seeing your family doctor and dentist. Be sure that you have adequate protection against loss by fire or other disaster. See another specialist regularly—your local capital stock insurance agent or broker. The protection he offers is essential to your security.

Capital Stock Fire Insurance Companies are represented by independent local agents or brokers. It's the insurance service that gives you the personal advice of a man right in your own neighborhood. And he protects you in more ways than you know; he's the man who can take care of ALL your insurance needs!



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Happy Ending

According to the Nielsen ratings, the nation's No. 1 TV drama show is *Ford Theater* (Thurs., 9:30 p.m., NBC). Filmed in Hollywood by Screen Gems, Inc. (a subsidiary of Columbia Pictures and producer of such TV shows as *Father Knows Best*, *Adventures of Rin Tin Tin* and *Captain Midnight*), *Ford Theater* is in its third year on TV and attributes its success to 1) the use of Hollywood stars (Thomas Mitchell, Irene Dunne, William Lundigan, Ronald Reagan), 2) its technically perfect films, 3) its plots, which Screen Gems says defensively are of "more interest to audiences throughout the country than certain other series that appeal to more sophisticated viewers."

Sample non-sophisticated plots:

¶ In *All's Fair in Love*, a twelve-year-old girl, using techniques she learned at the movies, prevents her mother and father from getting a divorce.

¶ In *Sister Veronica*, a nun smoothes the tangled marital affairs of a wealthy young couple and reunites the husband with his stern and socially prominent father.

¶ In *The Bachelor*, a young and successful architect is on the point of marrying a "calculating" divorcee when a sweet young thing from his home town breezes into his apartment—and gets him.

Its rivals claim that *Ford's* large audience is largely inherited from *Dragnet*, which precedes *Ford's* 30-minute show. After leading the field since last April, *Ford Theater* last week was still in front, but only by a hair's breadth: *Ford* scored 34.7 in the Nielsen ratings, closely followed by NBC's *Kraft TV Theater* (which comes on after *My Little Margie*) with 34.3.

The Week in Review

Televisioners are hardened both to superlatives and long commercials. But last week, in hailing the 1955 models of automobiles, the networks pulled out even more stops than usual. On CBS's *Shower of Stars*, Sponsor Chrysler gave its viewers almost a solid hour of commercial as it unveiled an endless succession of Plymouths, Dodges, DeSotos, Chryslers. This an announcer assured the nation, "is the night all America has been waiting for!" A covey of actors, including Groucho Marx, Ed Wynn, Danny Thomas and Eddie Mayehoff, were asked to coo and croon over convertibles, station wagons and sedans. In between plugs there were occasional songs by Betty Grable, horn tootings by Harry James and jokes by Ed Wynn. Groucho had nothing non-commercial to do except hide in the back seat of a roadster—and he did that badly. To many viewers, after such a drumbeat of ecstatic praises, it seemed only fair that the door on one of the new cars didn't open.

Lincoln & Sex. Most of the other car manufacturers were content to take the amount of commercial time normally al-



OLDSMOBILE COMMERCIAL
For Chrysler Groucho took a back seat

lowed them under the code of the National Association of Radio & Television Broadcasters (a maximum of seven minutes in a one-hour evening show). On NBC's *Producers' Showcase*, in addition to an excellent, if somewhat dated, production of *State of the Union*, Sponsor Ford devised a pair of inventive commercials. The first, featuring an actor and a model, managed provocative, if somewhat coyling, combination of Lincoln and sex; the second used the rhythmic movements of 18 actors (as many as were employed in the cast of *State of the Union*) to create a mock political parade and rally that ended up as a plug for Ford cars. Adam Blake Johnson of Kenyon & Eckhardt reported that the commercials, which were color-cast, cost five times more than usual and were rehearsed for three days instead of the customary few hours. Pontiac commercials

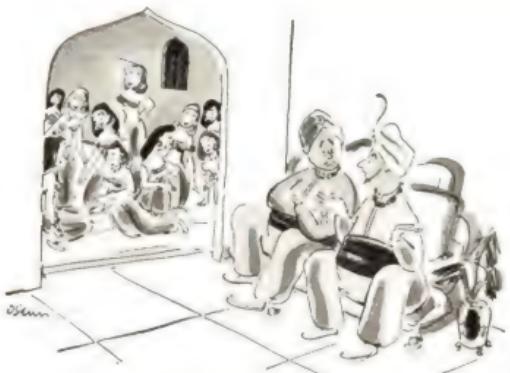
concentrate on good "portrait shots" of the car while an off-screen announcer raves about "this year's sensation that thrills the nation!" Oldsmobile has produced the most eye-catching commercial: a flood of white convertibles moving smoothly along a parkway and into a cloverleaf exit. Only 10 cars are used, but skillful camera work makes it seem like hundreds.

Arts in the Cabinet. Viewers were treated to a better-than-average week of pure entertainment. *Jack Benny*, playing the part of the New York Giants' Shortstop Alvin Dark, co-starred with Giant Manager Leo Durocher in a parody of *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*. But the mutiny (Benny takes over the management of the Giants during the World Series) was a good deal funnier than the court-martial. ABC's *Disneyland* scored another ten-strike with a show devoted to Donald Duck from his inception until his final glowing flowering. CBS's Ed Murray had another good *Person to Person* program, with Lillian Gish arguing charmingly but ineptly for a Secretary of Fine Arts to be added to the President's Cabinet, and Robert Q. Lewis surprising few viewers by denying that he is a comedian. On *Omnibus*, Composer Leonard Bernstein analysed Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* and showed, with orchestral help how Beethoven made repeated false starts and fruitless excursions in composing his masterpiece.

Even radio made news. *Bing Crosby* began a new show on CBS Radio that was noteworthy for the fact that he was without a sponsor for his first time on the air. In Philadelphia, Manager Murray Arnold of radio station WPEN was traitorously watching TV when he heard Singer Gordon MacRae suggest to Soprano Dorothy Kirsten that they do a duet as they used to in the old days of radio. "You remember radio," MacRae gratuitously reminded Kirsten. Outraged, Manager Arnold



DONALD DUCK & CREATOR
A glowing flowering.



**"Last night it was SCRABBLE...
tonight it's MR. REE!"**

There's just no holding back the popularity of a game like MR. REE. Made by the famous makers of SCRABBLE, it's the exciting and original mystery game that everyone's talking about. MR. REE is a who-dun-it game. You solve a different murder mystery every

time you play. It's a real thriller-chiller for old and young alike. And we'll promise you this—if you like SCRABBLE, you'll love MR. REE! \$2.50.

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The beauty of exclusive continental designs...the joy of unquestioned accuracy year after year...and above all, the priceless pride of owning the world's most fashionable watch. At fine jewelers everywhere.

Left: 14K gold watch with 32 flawless diamonds . . . \$400
 Right: 14K gold bracelet watch . . . \$210
 Both with 18K gold applied figure dials

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banned the playing of any MacRae records on his radio station.

The biggest radio ruckus was caused by ABC's Disk Jockey Martin Block who virtually announced that he would no longer play Columbia Records' *Mambo Italiano*. Reason: he had been told that some Sicilian words in the lyrics, particularly the word for "cucumber" (spelled phonetically in the lyrics as "jadrool"), had a dirty meaning. Mitch Miller at Columbia Records promptly produced letters from an Italian-American priest and a professor of languages at New York University denying that the vernacular words used in the song "could possibly be construed as offensive to anyone." At week's end Block, still sticking by his ban, explained: "The lyrics are only wrong to people who know dirty, low-down slang. In high-class society, 'jadrool' might just mean knuckle-head."

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Nov. 24. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Disneyland (Wed. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Bobby Driscoll in *So Dear to My Heart*.

Kraft TV Theater (Wed. 9 p.m., NBC). Jane Austen's *Emma*, with Felicia Montealegre.

Home (Thurs. 11 a.m., NBC). Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade.

Football (Thurs. 1:55 p.m., ABC), Missouri vs. Maryland.

Dear Phoebe (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Peter Lawford in a comedy series.

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews Actor Maurice Evans. Singer Joni James.

Texaco Star Theater (Sat. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Guest: Margaret Truman.

George Gobel Show (Sat. 10 p.m., NBC). With Charles Coburn.

Hall of Fame (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). *Macbeth*, with Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson.

The Search (Sun. 4:30 p.m., CBS). Filmed flight into the eye of a hurricane.

Toast of the Town (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Numbers from the hit musical, *Funny*, with Ezio Pinza.

Medic (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Documentary about a musician who grows deaf.

RADIO

Make Up Your Mind (Thurs. 11:30 a.m., CBS). Guest: Constance Collier.

Football (Thurs. 1:45 p.m., ABC). Penn v. Cornell.

Football (Sat. 1:30 p.m., NBC). Army v. Navy.

Boston Symphony (Sat. 8:30 p.m., NBC). With Pianist Alexander Brailowsky.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Conductor: Bruno Walter.

On a Sunday Afternoon (Sun. 4:05 p.m., CBS). With Cole Porter.

Jack Benny Show (Sun. 7 p.m., CBS). Dennis Day visits a psychiatrist.

His Finest Hour (Sun. 7 p.m., NBC). Tribute to Sir Winston Churchill in honor of his 80th birthday.

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Photo taken at Observation Roof, Rockefeller Center.

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Here's how the new option works:

Say you're 30 and buy \$10,000 of the new 20-Pay Life. Your premium is \$362.40—about \$30 per month. At 50, your policy becomes paid up. No more premiums and still you're covered for \$10,000 for life. Then you decide to exercise your option and continue paying

2. OPTION TO INCREASE YOUR RETIREMENT INCOME!

\$362.40 a year to age 65. Look at the results:

As you can see, you have increased the proceeds from your policy by more than 50%.

	Cash Value* including accumulated dividends at age 65	Monthly Life Income at 65**
20-Pay Life Policy—if you do not elect the option	\$11,140.00	\$68.62
Increase if you elect the option	6,320.00	38.93
Total	\$17,460.00	\$107.55

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You can't afford to overlook the benefits this great policy offers you and yours. Ask your New York Life Agent or mail the coupon below. The option for Supplementary Retirement Annuity is included in the policy at issue ages 40 and under. Available throughout the U. S., Canada, Alaska and Hawaii. New York Life is 109 years old and is one of the strongest legal reserve life insurance companies in the world.

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Please furnish me, without obligation, full information on your new 20-Pay Life Policy.

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Take your pick of these beautiful, long-lasting British Woollens when you buy. You'll find they're most considerately priced.



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MILESTONES

Married. Mitzi Gaynor, 23, auburn-haired cinematic star (*Three Young Texans*); and Jack Bean, 32, public relations executive; in San Francisco.

Married. Vera-Ellen, 28, acrobatic Hollywood dancer (*White Christmas*); and Victor Rothschild, 31, oil company executive; she for the second time, he for the first; near North Hollywood.

Married. Marilyn Maxwell, 32, statuesque blonde cinemactress (*East of Suez*) and nightclub singer; and Jerry Davis, 37, screen writer; she for the third time, he for the second; in Manhattan.

Married. Eve Denise Curie, 49, French journalist, lecturer and author (most notably of *Madame Curie*, best-selling biography of her famed scientist mother, Marie Curie), postwar (1945-49) publisher of the influential anti-Communist French daily *Paris Presse*, sister of Communist Party-lining, Nobel-Prize-winning Nuclear Physicist Mme. Irène Joliot-Curie; and Henry Richardson Labouisse, 50, United Nations official; she for the first time, he for the second; in Manhattan.

Married. Mrs. Hortense McQuarrie Odlum, 62, sometime (1934-40) president of Manhattan's Bonwit Teller (women's fashions); and Angel Kouyoumdjisky, sixtyish, pre-World War II Bulgarian banker; she for the third time (her first: Floyd Odlum, president of Atlas Corp.); he for the second; in Manhattan.

Died. The Rev. John C. Schroeder, 57, leading Congregational churchman, organizer (in 1946) and first chairman of Yale's department of religion, teacher in the Divinity School, author of articles and books (*The Task of Religion, Modern Man and the Cross*) which emphasized the social importance of religion; after a long illness; in New Haven, Conn. A critic of religious orthodoxy for its own sake, Dr. Schroeder believed that in their scramble for faith and religious security, postwar Americans had sacrificed the "moral naïveté" which had made his own generation "mount ethical horses and ride off rapidly in every direction," convinced that they could make the world "a kinder, more beneficent" place.

Died. Baron Erik Fleming, 60, court silversmith of Sweden, architect, sculptor and painter, whose more than 7,000 elegantly wrought coffee sets, platters and vases in gold and silver won him international fame, and whose strikingly simple, mass-produced designs were reflected in household appliances in thousands of postwar homes; in Stockholm.

Died. Billy Beard, 74, famed blackface comedian who, as end man in the Al G. Fields minstrel shows, was known to the terriers of a generation ago as "the party from the South"; of diabetes; in Atlanta.

Died. Clyde V. Cessna, 74, pioneer aviator, plane designer and manufacturer, founder (in 1927) of the Cessna Aircraft Co. in Kago, Kans. Cessna built his first wooden monoplane in 1911, launched his own business by designing and producing a cantilever monoplane which won every race it entered in 1928 and 1929. He retired in 1934, later saw the company become the nation's largest manufacturer of commercial light planes.

Died. Dr. Kenneth C. M. Sills, 74, longtime (1918-52) president of Maine's Bowdoin College, known to generations of students as the kindly embodiment of Bowdoin's informal, small-college liberal tradition; in Portland, Me. A 1901 graduate of Bowdoin, "Casey" Sills became an instructor in 1903, as president saw the school's endowment rise from \$2,000,000 to \$12 million (making it one of the richest small colleges in the country). But his interest was less in raising money than in keeping Bowdoin compact and personal, with a faculty of first-rate teachers rather than scholars. "Excellent teaching in wooden halls," he said, "is much better than wooden teaching in marble halls."

Died. Dr. Edward Spencer Cowles, 75, Manhattan psychiatrist whose technique of treating his patients with drugs to relax them, followed by suggestion periods and testimonial sessions, attracted a wealthy clientele and kept him in constant controversy; of heart attack; in Manhattan. In 1930 his methods were investigated by the state board of education (but no charges were preferred) as a result of the death in his clinic of Actress Jeanne Eagels (from an overdose of heroin) and of the suicide of Chicago Meat-Packing Heir William E. Swift.

Died. Lionel Barrymore, 76, member of theaterdom's famed Drew-Barrymore clan, who, although less colorful than his late brother John or his sister Ethel, was better known than either to millions of Americans for his outwardly gruff but kindhearted screen and radio impersonations; of heart congestion; in Van Nuys, Calif. A sometime painter, composer and novelist (*Mr. Cantownwise: A Moral Tale*), he appeared in such memorable films as *An Borrowed Time, Rasputin and the Empress* (with Ethel and John) and *Free Soul*, for which he won an Oscar in 1931. But most of his fans would remember him longer for two roles in which he flourished, despite a hip injury that forced him permanently into a wheelchair in 1938: Dr. Gillespie of the *Dr. Kildare* film series and Ebenezer Scrooge in the annual *Christmas Carol* broadcast.

Died. A. Hyatt Verrill, 83, explorer, author of 105 books on history and travel (*Old Civilizations of the New World*), one of the developers (in 1902) of the autochrome process of photography in natural color; in Chiefland, Fla.

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General Motors Masterpiece has adorned streets and driveways for just a few weeks—yet public opinion has already marked it as the sum of all that's new and news for 1955.

Drive it, and you'll go all the way with that wide-spread opinion, too.

You'll note heads turning to admire its lower, future-fashioned lines, panoramic windshield and Vogue Two-Tone styling. You'll feel the thrilling surge of Stratostreak V-8 power . . . the all-new ease of control from new recirculating ball steering and front suspension . . . the restful ride and stability from new parallel rear springs and more rigid frame. You're handling a pace-setter in

every department—and you know it from the instant you settle down in the wider front seat.

Yet the price is still next door to the very lowest. That's the crowning sensation of the sensational car on display at your Pontiac dealer—the year's boldest advance in beauty, luxury power. See and drive it today!

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Over three and a half million test miles prove this 180-HP Stratostreak V-8 foremost in performance, economy and dependability.

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WITH THE 180-HP STRATO-STREAK V-8



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Aida (Sol Hurok: I.F.E.), Italian film makers have released eight filmed operas to U.S. art houses in the past seven years. Some of them translated into fairly acceptable films. *Aida*, with its vivid Fernaniacolor, its monumental settings of ancient Memphis, its popular and dramatic music, its handsome acting cast and its standout (mostly invisible) singing cast, aims at being the grandest assault yet on U.S. eyes and ears.

But in *Aida*, the eyes have it. Lest any of the plot be lost between the music and the Italian language, a discreet narrator explains each scene before it starts. Aida (Sophia Loren) is a slant-eyed, dusky-skinned, full-lipped Ethiopian slave



SOPHIA LOREN AS AIDA
Eyes have it.

girl in the Egyptian court. She and the stone-faced princess (Lois Maxwell) are in love with a weak-mouthed warrior named Radames (Luciano della Marra). Radames is sent off to trounce the Ethiopians and is rewarded, all against his will, with the hand of the princess. Torn between love and guilt, he slips Aida a top-secret battle plan. He is nabbed and both are left to die in the well-lit dungeons beneath the city while dancing girls posture on the floor above.

Composer Giuseppe Verdi, who discovered Egypt some 80 years ahead of Hollywood, set the yarn to some of the finest music ever to come out of Italy. Director Clemente Fracciari has put it in the mouths of Top Singers Renata Tebaldi, Elsie Stignani and Giuseppe Campora (with supporting singers from La Scala and the Roma Opera). He has had his visible actors synchronize their lips and slow-motion movements with the music. Unfortunately, his \$3,000,000

budget apparently made no allowances for up-to-date recording equipment. Too often *Aida* rasps and bubbles as though it were being played on a windup phonograph with a rusty needle—and another low blow is dealt to grand opera.

Track of the Cat (Wayne-Fellows; Warner). In his novel about a catamount chase, Walter Van Tilburg Clark suggested that the evil his characters do stalks after them in the form of a black panther. On the screen, an actor comes right out and mutters hollowly that the panther "is the evil in everybody."

On that A-B-C symbolic level, when the panther eats up some Good Instincts (cows), a sort of back-country Cain (Robert Mitchum) and his Abel-type brother (William Hopper) set forth to slay the beast. Abel dies beneath the Tree of Life and Cain also turns up his toes. But a third brother (Tab Hunter) puts a bullet in the panther, and just at that instant the sun breaks through a cloud transfiguring him into something painfully like the Better Life.

All this is doled out as solemnly as a lantern-slide lecture in German philosophy, with the actors uneasily unsure whether they are really U.S. dirt farmers, by cracky, or Leibnitzian particles in a transcendental ether. The color is excellent, though it is not clear why color is needed; the exterior shots are mostly of snowscapes marked with black exclamations of pine, and the interiors are in starkest black and white (Good v. Evil). To suggest, perhaps, the eternal travail of these opposites, the picture has been made as eternal as possible (102 minutes). When at last the moviegoer dares hope it will end, one of the characters looks him square in the eye and announces: "There's a grave to dig yet."

Désirée (20th Century-Fox) is the \$4,000,000 CinemaScope tribute to Napoleon based on Annemarie Selinco's 1953 bestselling ou-la-la, which takes Marlon Brando out of his blue jeans and jams him, literally and esthetically, into Empire tights. It takes all the Brando talent to avoid looking like Stanley Kowalski at the Beaux Arts Ball. The script tells the story of Napoleon's first love, the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Marseille. Napoleon is an ambitious young general without a command who asks for Désirée (Jean Simmons) in marriage and for her money in advance. With her cash in hand, he buys a ticket to Paris and gets engaged to Josephine. Is Désirée downhearted? Pouf! She nabs herself one of Napoleon's best generals, Jean-Baptiste Bernadotte (Michael Rennie), who becomes Crown Prince of Sweden, makes her his Crown Princess.

After that the film turns into something like a tour of the wax museum: every two minutes another famous historical event. The tableaux rush by so fast that there is hardly time to realize how

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"We were reaffirming our faith in the Middle South when we picked a new Lion Oil Company plant site near New Orleans. For many years we have operated two manufacturing installations—a refinery and a chemical plant—in South Arkansas.

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business climate. And we could foresee a tremendous growth in population with resultant expanding consumer markets.

"The right move for Lion Oil was clearly indicated. Our new chemical plant not only is close to present major markets for our products, but is squarely in the middle of one of the fastest-growing industrial areas in America."

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MISSISSIPPI POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
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NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC SERVICE INC.
New Orleans, La.



It pays to look at the Middle South



BRANDO AS NAPOLEON
First cash, then Josephine.

maginatively they are dressed. Napoleon's coronation, for instance, in ermine and blood-crimson, sky-blue and gold, is a piece of braggart beautification intended, it would appear, to prove that Fox can put on a better show than the British Commonwealth. In between the state occasions, actress Simmons wanders through palaces after palace, wearing a country-mouse look that seems to say, "Gee! All this History and poor little me!"

Marlon Brando is the only principal who shows enough histrionic personality to overpower the overpowering costumes. Not that he really plays Napoleon; the Selkino version of the great dictator does not ask that. But he beetles his brows and pouts his belly in the manner of the official portraits; and to avoid a vocal dissonance with the rest of the cast, he even achieves a slight British accent.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Phffft! Jack Lemmon and Judy Holliday, as man and ex-wife, give a wacky answer to the divorce question (*TIME*, Nov. 15).

Carmen Jones. Red-hot and black *Carmen*, with Dorothy Dandridge putting the torch to Bizet's babe and Pearl Bailey hoarsing around in the wide-screen wings (*TIME*, Nov. 15).

A Star Is Born. Judy Garland makes a stunning comeback in a Technicolor musical version of 1937's Academy Award winner; with James Mason, Jack Carson (*TIME*, Oct. 25).

Sabrina. The boss's sons (Humphrey Bogart, William Holden) and the chauffeur's daughter (Audrey Hepburn) are at it again (*TIME*, Sept. 13).

On the Waterfront. Eli Kazan's big-shouldered melodrama of dockside corruption; with Marlon Brando (*TIME*, Aug. 29).

His Majesty: the Reader



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Margery Kinnin Rawlings, Sax Rohmer, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Adele Rogers St. John, Thyra Samter Winslow, Philip Wylie.

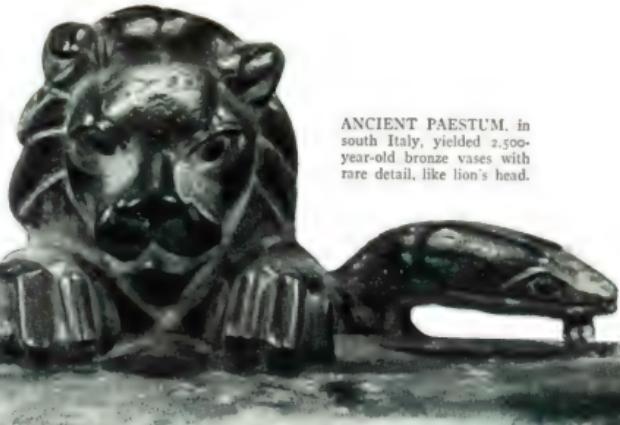
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SCIENCE



ANCIENT PAESTUM, in south Italy, yielded 2,500-year-old bronze vases with rare detail, like lion's head.

DISCOVERIES OF THE PAST

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY JAMES WHITMORE

UNTIL a generation or so ago, most archaeologists were bookish scholars, at home among long-dead languages; they did their best work using ancient records as guidebooks. In this way, Schliemann found Homer's Troy under an undistinguished mound in western Turkey.

The literary approach is still useful, but it breaks down when written records are scarce or nonexistent. To find and interpret remains of people who never dreamed of writing, modern diggers have borrowed techniques from many other sciences. They study airplane photographs for soil disturbance. They analyze their finds chemically and date them by their content of radioactive Carbon 14.

The new methods as well as the old ones are being applied all over the world, from Afghanistan to the Arctic and from Central America to Central Europe. The information that they yield is filling gaps in the long history of human culture.

Paestum Exhumed. The bookish approach scored a triumph at Paestum, 60 miles south of Naples, where Greek empire-builders established a colony in the early 6th century B.C. The city's long history and its conquest

by Lucanians and Romans were well known from classical literature, and its walls and colonnades have impressed tourists for centuries, but not until 1951 was there a serious attempt to find what lay beneath the surface. Then Professor P. Claudio Sestieri and a gang of laborers set to work (TIME, Sept. 6). From tombs came vivid paintings on stone of household scenes and fighting gladiators. Last summer Sestieri uncovered a small, completely buried building, made a hole in its roof and lowered himself into the stagnant dimness. He was in the central shrine of Hera, Goddess of Fertility, and patron of Paestum. Jars and vases held solidified honey, sacred to Hera (see opposite page). It is likely that no one had entered that shrine for at least 2,500 years.

Pleistocene Minneehohe. Some 6,000 miles away, on a bleak, dry plain near Midland, Texas, the new-type scientific diggers got a full workout. Their problem was a broken-up skull, found 17 months ago by Keith Glasscock, an amateur archaeologist (TIME, July 12).

The skull fragments were carefully fitted together; they were tested for fluorine, which generally increases with age. Then, diggers financed by the Wenner-Gren Founda-



BRONZE LION lies on lip of water jug. Artistry matches finest of Renaissance.



WOMAN'S HEAD between placid rams serves as inch-high base of vase handle.



SPHINXLIKE FIGURE, on bronze jug, suggests Egyptian influence on Greeks.



FIGHTING GLADIATORS were common theme for decoration in Paestum tombs; this stone slab painting is the work of the Lucantians circa 400 B.C.



BOUNTIFUL HERA goddess of marriage, childbirth, crops and seasons; done in terra cotta with winged genii at her shoulders.



SATYRS & BACCHANTEs highlight frieze of 5th-century B.C. terra cotta amphora found tilted with solidified honey in Hera's temple.

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TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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AMATEUR ARCHAEOLOGIST GLASSCOCK IN TEXAS
Sand and fluorine told a lady's age.

tion camped by the site to study its dusty geology. By tracing the various layers of red, grey, and white sand, they established that the skull belonged to an individual, most likely a young woman, who lived more than 10,000 years ago. She is almost certainly the oldest American whose bones have been found. This conclusion was backed by the fluorine tests and by the bones of extinct animals found in the sand with the skull.

The Schoolboy Knew. In Egypt the literary approach is still the most useful. Egypt was conquered about 1800 B.C. by the Hyksos, a crude Asian people. Much of the information about this period was suspect because it came from a schoolboy's exercise tablet. Egyptologists debated whether the schoolboy's tale was a partial copy of a grownup text (like copying the Gettysburg Address) or whether it was a patriotic composition out of the boy's own head.

The schoolboy was vindicated in 1930, when part of the same story was found carved on stone at Karnak. The rest was not found, and its lack left the Egyptologists on dignified tenterhooks. Last summer the missing inscription was found on a stone built into a later structure. The scholars now know that the inscription is just what Egyptian schoolboys would be likely to copy. It tells how their Pharaoh Kamose defeated the uncouth Hyksos.

Mayan Lower Classes. Professor (of archaeology) Gordon R. Willey of Harvard has been carefully excavating a small ancient village at Barton Ramie, Honduras, which is 15 miles from the elaborate ceremonial center of Benque Viejo. The great temples and pyramids of the Mayans are already well known, but little is known about the people who labored to build them.

The 1,500 people who lived in Barton Ramie's 350 thatch-roofed, plaster-floured houses apparently owned little besides their cotton loincloths. They tossed their refuse outside the houses, where it built

up into thick kitchen middens; then they buried their dead in it. Dr. Willey found no evidence in Barton Ramie of the high intellectual or artistic life of the ancient Mayans. He thinks that the theocratic society of the Mayans was much like that of medieval Europe, where peasants lived in miserable villages around great cathedrals, and most of their substance was sucked up into the spires of lacy stonework. In the same way, thinks Dr. Willey, the peasants of Barton Ramie lived and died for the benefit of the priests of Benque Viejo.

The Ancient Arctic. The archaeology of the Arctic, until recently, has been almost a blank. But as hardy diggers continued to learn more about the barren lands, earlier Arctic peoples are coming to light. They are quite different from the Eskimos, and they extend many thousands of years into prehistory.

An expedition from the University of Pennsylvania found a big village of the shadowy Dorset people on bleak Melville Peninsula. The 200 rectangular houses, some of them 40 ft. long, are arranged in parallel rows for about a mile along the shore. The walls and roofs are gone but the depressed floors remain. From under the dirt came nearly 3,000 tools, weapons and art objects. The Dorset people apparently had no boats, but they did have sledges which must have been pulled by humans, rather than dogs, because the Dorset dogs were too small for mushing.

The diggers figured that the village must have been occupied for 2,000 years. The rows of houses had apparently moved downward as the level of the sea fell, and the rate of change of sea level is fairly well known. In the lowest house sites, Dorset relics are mixed with those of Thule Eskimos, who must have eventually taken over. At the other end of the time scale, the diggers found dim traces of an even earlier people. Apparently the forbidding Arctic has a long human history.



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Men at Work

Just off Michigan Avenue in Chicago, workmen fixed an American flag to a steel girder, then signaled to a crane operator atop a 41-story building skeleton. While thousands of sidewalk superintendents looked on, the girder swiftly rose to the top (*see cut*), where it was fastened into place, "topping out" the \$40 million Prudential Building, biggest skyscraper to be built in the U.S. in 15 years.

While topping out its Chicago building, Prudential last week was also finishing up another Midwest headquarters, an \$8,000,000 structure in Minneapolis. Both are shining examples of the greatest construction boom the world has ever seen. In Washington, the Commerce and Labor Departments, which had figured 1954 construction at \$34 billion, revised estimates upward for the second time, to \$37 billion. And the two departments predicted that in 1955 construction will be bigger still—up 7% to \$39.5 billion.

The building boom was made of many things, including plenty of mortgage money, the trend to the suburbs, bigger families and a rising population. Credit was so easy that one builder said, "You can buy a house like you used to buy a car." But while much of the talk has been of housing construction, the big eye opener of 1954 has been the boom in industrial building, reflecting the chest-swelling optimism among U.S. businessmen.

Chonging Tides. "No sooner is one big job finished," said a St. Louis builder, "when another pops up." Example: work was hardly completed on a \$36 million Union Electric plant in St. Louis when plans were announced for a \$33 million atomic energy plant to be run by Mallinckrodt Chemical, Outside Pittsburgh. Builder Don M. Castro had barely finished work on a \$10 million "Miracle Mile" shopping center (with a special "cruising lane" for window-shopping from the car) when he started on another \$10 million center 25 miles away. The Omaha Public Power District put the finishing touches on a \$25 million power plant, and then announced a \$10 million addition to keep up with the increase in demand while the plant was abuilding.

New construction everywhere gave a measure of changing industrial tides. At Ashtabula, Ohio, Union Carbide broke ground for a \$32 million plant to turn out titanium sponge. In New Orleans, a \$7,000,000 Shell Oil building was nearly ready; nearby Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical got set for a \$25 million expansion. Chicago's face was changing, with scores of new projects ranging from a \$50 million medical center to the \$46 million Lake Meadows slum-clearance project and a \$6,000,000 pretzel plant for Nabisco. Nobody who toured the ribboning express roads around Boston could conclude that New England is dying on the vine. Whole new industrial

centers are springing up, with such companies as Raytheon, Polaroid and Sylvania building long, low modern factories to take up the slack in textile employment. And in Dearborn, Mich., Ford was celebrating one of the best sales years in its history by building a new, twelve-story administration building.

Functional Design. The construction was not confined to offices and factories. All over the U.S., new hotels were rising and old ones expanding. By summer Atlanta's Dinkler Plaza will be ready with a \$2,000,000 addition, including 200 rooms and a convention hall. Five resort hotels,



Joseph Zoch—Chicago Daily News

"TOPPING OUT" IN CHICAGO

The facts support a tall story.

worth \$20 million, were abuilding in Las Vegas, Nev. In Miami, the \$14 million Fontainebleau, the city's most expensive hotel built since the war, was shooting skyward.

From coast to coast, architecture was as varied as the landscape, with porcelain, aluminum and glass brightening up façades. In Denver "functional design" took on a special meaning. Builders of the new, twelve-story Farmers' Union Building claimed it was the first in the U.S. that is A-bomb-proof, by reason of a 16-in. reinforced concrete core that starts 30 ft. below ground and extends to the penthouse. "We frankly admit," admitted Manager C. E. Huff, "that a direct hit by an H-bomb would damage us."

In the Pacific Northwest, building starts on \$39.2 million worth of construction in the first ten months were already \$30 million ahead of the entire year 1953. In building, as in other fields, the savings and loan associations and the bankers were out to best one another, with such new structures as Los Angeles' Standard Federal Savings &

Loan Building, Dallas' \$25 million Republic National Bank Building, Atlanta's 25-story, \$10 million Fulton National Bank Building, tallest in town. In San Francisco, Equitable Life Assurance was putting up a \$10 million office building. In crowded Manhattan builders ripped out old buildings* to find space for such new projects as Socony-Vacuum's \$45 million building, two junior-grade skyscrapers in the Wall Street area, and a giant \$30 million Coliseum for conventions and expositions in the area around Columbus Circle.

Sell, Then Build. The housing boom, which was supposed to taper off as veterans' needs declined, showed no signs of slackening. One big reason: young couples outgrew their new homes. Veterans who bought small houses at war's end now were in the market for three- and four-bedroom houses, and were having little trouble getting the money to finance them. With only about one in five potential G.I. loans used to date, builders were optimistic that the boom would continue as city dwellers kept pushing into the suburbs. In Denver, where the population has nearly doubled since 1940, Hutchinson Realty built 320 \$12,950 houses in a development, sold most of them before they even started to build. In San Francisco, housing starts were running 30% ahead of last year. Outside Miami, the giant Carol City development alone will provide 10,000 new houses in the next three years. In Charlotte, N.C., a 1,000-house project for Negroes was being built.

Outside Detroit, Garling Construction Co. started building a 600-unit development of three- and four-bedroom houses priced between \$33,000 and \$40,000. An added come-on: if the purchaser wants, the purchase price will cover a Ford Thunderbird or station wagon in the garage when he moves in.

GOVERNMENT

RCA Under Fire

With its vast collection of some 10,000 radio-TV manufacturing patent rights, Radio Corporation of America is in an enviable position: every one of its competitors pays RCA handsome royalties on just about every set they turn out. Though most of them are unhappy with the arrangement, they have been unable to do much about it. Last week the Justice Department decided to have a try, filed an antitrust suit in Manhattan's District Court.

The Government's suit did not accuse RCA of monopolizing actual manufacture of radio-TV sets. It was aimed at what Justice called RCA's "package licensing" system, under which manufacturers must buy the use of all the patents instead of selected ones. Said Assistant Attorney General Stanley Barnes: "We seek to cre-

* And some not so old, e.g., the 22-year-old Center Theater in Rockefeller Center, which is being displaced by an office building.

NEWS IN PICTURES

U.S. BUILDS BIG, COAST TO COAST



DALLAS: 40-story Republic National Bank building, opening Dec. 6, boasts banking floor of football-field size, air-conditioned offices for 4,500.



CHICAGO: Biggest construction era in city's history is paced by new 41-story Prudential building

on Michigan Avenue, Chicago's tallest skyscraper. Other projects: new city highway, 40,000 homes.



Allen Gould



DEARBORN: Ford administration center includes low wing (right) housing garage and service facilities for 3,000 employees.

MIAMI BEACH: \$14 million Fontainebleau Hotel will be ready for winter trade next month with 560 bedrooms and 250 cabanas.

TIME CLOCK

CORPORATE BOOKS must now be opened to unions when employers claim inability to pay as the basis for refusing wage increases. The NLRB, in a test case brought by the A.F.L. Iron Workers against North Carolina's Truitt Manufacturing Co., ruled that an employer must open the books even though the profit disclosure hurts his competitive position.

GAMBLING HOUSES in Nevada will rack up the biggest winnings in history for 1954, predicts the State Tax Commission, which gets a 2% tax on gross winnings. Gamblers' estimated take: \$90 million.

COLORED STRIPES on taxpayers' envelopes, which the Bureau of Internal Revenue hoped would make it easier for clerks to classify returns, will be discontinued after this year. The red and yellow stripes, which reveal whether a person makes less (red) or more (yellow) than \$10,000 a year, brought a flood of protests from privacy-conscious taxpayers. *

ROBERT R. YOUNG, who pulled his Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad out of the Association of American Railroads in 1946, has finally made his peace with the trade group. Young will keep his New York Central in the association. The A.A.R. has elected Central President Alfred E. Perlman to its board. Young's old C. & O. will also return to the A.A.R.

ACTION (The American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods) will soon launch a nationwide campaign to clean out slums. The new, nonprofit organization, formed by groups representing some 100 million people, estimates that of 50 million U.S. homes 35 million need repairs, while another 8,000,000 are rundown areas that can be classed as slums.

C.I.O. AUTO WORKERS Union is planning to build up a \$25 million strike kitty in readiness for negotiating with the auto industry next

spring over a guaranteed annual wage. The U.A.W., whose strike fund is now \$9,000,000, hopes to boost it by raising dues from \$2.50 per month to \$7.50 per month for three months.

RAILROAD MERGER between the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway will result in the South's second biggest road (5,780 miles of track), just behind the Southern Railway. Reason for the merger: competition from trucks, buses, and planes has cut the roads' revenues.

INDIAN OIL REFINERY, the biggest single U.S. investment in India, was opened in Bombay last week by Standard-Vacuum Oil Co. Costing \$32 million, the new refinery will produce some 25,000 bbls. a day, about one-third of India's petroleum needs.

COLOR TV SETS are selling so poorly that Admiral Corp. Vice President John B. Huarisar does not think color will be a factor in the industry "for several years to come."

SHIP TRADE-IN program will get another big boost from Maritime Administrator Louis Rothschild. In addition to trading in tankers (TIME, Nov. 8), Rothschild will now also let shipowners trade in their dry cargo vessels to the reserve fleet, give them a big allowance to be used for building newer and faster ships.

EASIER OVERSEAS CREDIT is being planned by the Chase National Bank to help U.S. businessmen compete with foreign companies, whose governments often underwrite long-term payments. Chase's plan is to form a huge credit pool called Foreign Finance Co. to minimize the risk to any one company. Under the plan, exporters would only collect a 20-25% down payment from foreign buyers; the remaining 75-80% would be financed jointly by the company itself, the Export-Import Bank and the new Foreign Finance Co.

ate conditions under which RCA's competitors . . . compete with it . . . from research laboratories to the end product."

Justice charged that the RCA patents were built up by agreements with "co-conspirators," A.T. & T., Bell Telephone Laboratories, Western Electric, General Electric and Westinghouse. It also charged that they all "harassed" other manufacturers with more than 250 patent suits in order to keep them in line.

RCA was quick to reply. It noted that the Government attacked its cross-licensing agreements in a 1930 monopoly suit that was withdrawn after RCA agreed to offer the patents to all its rivals on a royalty basis. In 1942 the Government went to court to get the earlier agreement revoked so it could sue all over again, but failed. Earlier this year the Justice Department joined General Electric in an attack on RCA's licensing arrangements, but the suit was dismissed.

for fly-by-night American promoters to operate in Canada—and SEC was doing nothing to stop them. But the biggest trouble was that most of the Canadian sharpies had simply moved their operations to Montreal (TIME, May 10), where there was no agreement with the SEC.

Although Lennox warned that he would continue to crack down on any Ontario promoters out to fleece investors by mail or telephone, it looked to Wall Streeters as if the door might be blowing open again.

BUSINESS ABROAD

State v. Private Capital

The boss of Italy's powerful *Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi*, the Italian state oil and gas authority, is a slim, eagle-beaked man of 48 named Enrico Mattei. To some Italians he is the greatest man in all Italy. To others, and particularly to U.S. businessmen trying to do business in Italy, Enrico Mattei is the biggest and clearest symbol of what is wrong with Italy's economy. Last week, in the Italian press, both sides were shouting bitter arguments at each other.

As head of E.N.I., Olman Mattei is an implacable foe of any foreign-capital oil investment in his homeland. His enemies say that Mattei, more than anyone else, is responsible for scaring away the very type of enlightened foreign capital that Italy must have to complete its economic recovery. Italy, which has always had to import most of its coal and oil at high cost, has promising oil and gas formations, notably in the Po Valley. The big question is: Who will be allowed to develop the oil and who can do it best?

Horn of Plenty. Mattei's thesis is that a state monopoly can do more for Italy than foreign capital, thus does his best to ban outside investors and increase E.N.I.'s power. Starting with capital of \$50 million last year, E.N.I. has rapidly expanded until now it controls most of Italy's production and refining, operates a tanker fleet, makes soap and sells 20% of all Italy's gasoline.

Mattei, a *carabinieri*'s son and a wartime partisan, got into the oil business in 1945 when he was made Northern Commissioner of E.N.I.'s predecessor, the state-owned A.G.I.P. (Azienda Generale Italiana Petroli), with the job of selling off its assets. Mattei defied the orders, kept his equipment and put prospectors to work in Italy's big Po Valley. Soon, Mattei was boss of all A.G.I.P. His geologists found a big methane gas deposit with an initial production (1.5 billion cu. ft.) greater than all the rest of Italy's fields. By 1953, Mattei's wells were producing 71 billion cu. ft. of gas annually, saving Italy more than \$32 million in coal and oil imports. This year production will hit 90 billion cu. ft., increase in 1956 to 130 billion cu. ft., the equivalent of 66% of Italy's fuel imports.

Trickles & Troubles. No one questions Mattei's success in natural gas, but his attempts to give Italy an oil industry have failed. In the promising Po Valley,

Stocks Across the Border

Only 20 months ago, the Securities & Exchange Commission and the Ontario Securities Commission signed a solemn covenant to put an end to the wild-eyed promotion of worthless Canadian mining stocks in the U.S. Under the agreement, Ontario said it would force its stockbrokers to abide by SEC laws when peddling stocks in the U.S.; if they failed to do so, they would be subject to extradition and trial in U.S. courts. Last week Chairman O. E. Lennox of the Canadian commission announced that Ontario had dropped the deal as "a dismal failure."

Lennox complained that the SEC had agreed to clear qualified Canadian issues within 15 days after they were filed, but in practice the clearance had taken up to two months. Furthermore, a change in the wording of the agreement, which Lennox had not approved, opened a loophole

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1 Thorough survey by G-E trained experts. Here Mr. H. G. Frazier of Air Contractors, Inc. (left) goes over installation plan based on indoor weather study with Dr. William E. Phifer, Jr., Minister of Central Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, Mo.



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E.N.I. has produced only a trickle of oil, some \$3,000 tons (636,000 bbls.) in 1953. Critics claim that E.N.I. has neither the capital nor the equipment to explore the Po Valley properly. By monopolizing all explorations, Mattei has spent badly needed Italian cash, including some dollar aid from the U.S., when he could have had U.S. firms spend their own money to explore the area. Even in E.N.I.'s successful gas operation, there has been trouble. In the rush to draw off natural gas from the Po Valley fields, E.N.I. failed to seal a well properly. As a result, methane has leaked through large areas of porous upper strata, ruining crops and wasting gas.

Test in Sicily. But the clearest indication of whether state-run companies can do a better job than private oilmen has been in Sicily. After drilling 20 dry holes, Mattei's A.G.I.P. pulled out of Sicily. In 1950 Sicily, which has a large amount of autonomy, allowed two dozen foreign and Italian firms to hunt for oil under a new Sicilian law. By last week, Gulf Oil Corp. had brought in three promising wells with an average production of 350 tons daily in the Ragusa area (*TIME*, Jan. 25). The Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. has reported that it, too, has found oil. But when Gulf asked for permission to exploit its find last month, E.N.I. did everything possible to thwart the deal. Mattei started a campaign in Rome and Sicily, got the support of Communists who want no developments that would make Italy prosperous, thus cut their power.

Breeze on the Po. By last week, the issue of how long Gulf and Anglo-Iranian would be able to work their Sicilian

finds was still not settled. Gulf has been given permission to exploit its field. But if Sicily's Socialists and Communists win the regional election this May, private oil companies may well be kicked out of Sicily altogether. However, an increasing number of thoughtful Italians are beginning to wonder if Mattei's state socialism will bring Italy its promised treasures. No one thinks that Enrico Mattei, who stands in well with Italy's political powers, is about to topple from his perch atop the Italian oil industry. But in Italy's Chamber of Deputies there is increasing talk of reviving a buried draft of a proposed law that would authorize E.N.I. to farm out part of its Po Valley explorations to foreign oil companies with equipment and money to make it pay off.

AVIATION

North to Europe

From Los Angeles' fog-shrouded airport, a white and silver DC-6B of the Scandinavian Airlines System last week took off on the first scheduled commercial flight to Europe by way of the Arctic. By flying a great circle route, instead of across the continent to New York, SAS cuts the Los Angeles-Copenhagen route by 450 miles and the flying time by 2 hrs. 25 min. (The regular one-way fare of \$574 saves the passenger \$40; \$70 round trip is \$70 less.) Cruising at 300 m.p.h. at about 17,000 ft. altitude, SAS made only two stops on the 5,800-mile flight to take on gas. The plane landed at Winnipeg and at Greenland's Sondre Stromfjord, where the 6,000-ft. airstrip is known to its icebound U.S.A.F. maintenance crew and pilots as Blaue West 8, its wartime code name.

To pioneer its Arctic route, SAS has invested \$600,000 in additional communications equipment and ground facilities. But on pioneering flights, SAS pilots have found the route better flying than the often stormy Atlantic. SAS frankly admits that its new route is a gamble, is well aware that U.S. lines have shied away from it as a money loser. SAS hopes, however, to pick up enough traffic from the West Coast to fill a minimum 22 of its 32 seats, the break-even point.

CORPORATIONS

Innocent Lamb?

At work and play, Toledo Lawyer Edward K. ("Ted") Lamb easily matches the conventional picture of a capitalist. His Edward Lamb Enterprises, Inc., includes six radio and TV stations, the Erie (Pa.) *Dispatch* and six manufacturing concerns, with a total value of more than \$30 million. He flies to plush ski resorts in his blue-grey Aero Commander, has an autograph collection valued at more than \$50,000, and lives in a 126-year-old, \$300,000 mansion. But to the Federal



LAWYER LAMB
Stepped-up power.

Communications Commission, Ted Lamb's capitalistic coloration is suspect. For ten weeks it has been investigating charges that Lamb committed perjury when he stated, on his 1948 application for a license to operate station WICU-TV in Erie, that he never was a Communist Party member. In this, the seventh investigation of Lamb since 1948, the FCC presented some new evidence.

Testified his ex-secretary, Mrs. Evelyn Runge: "Mr. Lamb said that while in Russia [in 1936, as a tourist-writer], he attended a Communist school . . . when Earl Browder was there." Lamb pooh-poohs the assertion. A Toledo cement finisher swore that he saw Lamb give money to Lincoln House (the city's Communist headquarters) at its dedication in 1944.

The Winner. Last week, while Lamb prepared his answer to the charges, he was also busy giving another demonstration of his capitalistic prowess. This time it was in a fight for control of Toledo's Air-Way Electric Appliance Corp. (vacuum cleaners). Lamb teamed up with ex-Attorney General J. Howard McGrath, began buying Air-Way stock last spring to gain control. When the management found out about the plan, it tried to merge with Manhattan's Firth Carpet Co., but Lamb blocked the deal. Then Lamb went to court and forced the company to call a special shareholders' meeting to consider adding ten Lamb backers to the company's nine-man board of directors.

Before the meeting was over last week, Air-Way President Joseph Nuffer threw in the sponge. He agreed to a board composed of four men from each side and a neutral outsider to run the company until the regular annual meeting in March, when Lamb, with 215,000 of the company's 366,841 shares, expects to take over completely. Lamb plans to use a good portion of Air-Way's cash and accounts



ITALY'S PRESIDENT & OILMAN MATTEI
Lots of gas but little light.

• Canadian Pacific Airlines has applied for a Vancouver to Amsterdam route by way of the Arctic.

Wausau Story

By WALTER O'MEARA

author of "The Grand Portage"—his new novel,
out in October, is "The Spanish Bride."

What is there about Wausau,
Wisconsin, that makes it the ideal
home for one of the world's most
important insurance companies?

Employers Mutuals invited
a distinguished novelist to visit
Wausau to find out.



"Most everyone heads for the duck blinds . . .". Mr. O'Meara at Wausau's Wisconsin River shores with Stan Schaller of Shepherd and Schaller Sporting Goods Store.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with"

As Mr. O'Meara discovered—there is such a thing as a *Wausau personality*. It's a certain good way of doing business. You'll find it in each of our 89 offices throughout the country. You will find progressive insurance thinking, too.

There was a time when you had to have 25 or more employees to qualify for Group Health and Ac-

cident insurance. But Employers Mutuals now provides "Junior" Group Plans with the same hospital and surgery benefits for smaller groups of 5 to 24 employees. Phone our local office or write to Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals handles all lines of casualty and fire insurance, and specializes in **workmen's compensation**.



"Wausau works hard, has accomplished much."
Mr. O'Meara at Wausau's Curtis Companies, Inc.

At heart, someone has said, there are only three kinds of people: sea people, hill people and woods people.

The pity is, so few of us can follow our hearts. In Wausau, they do.

Before you've been there half an hour, you know which kind of folks they are in Wausau. They're "woods people"—no doubt about it! The Outdoors is big and very near here, and Wausau takes to the woods at the drop of a dry fly.

Enjoyment of the outdoors isn't just a week-end thing here in Wausau.

Many people commute from their cottages on the near-by lakes every day in summer. Many plants and offices (such as the Curtis Companies, Inc., which I visited) open early and close early, so everyone can give daily attention to trout pools, garden plots and golf courses.

Don't think that Wausau folks do nothing but enjoy their natural blessings. Wausau works hard, has accomplished much. Yet its people are relaxed and friendly. They've got time—and take it—to share their good life with others.

It's part of their nature—of the *Wausau personality*. It's what makes them such good people to do business with!

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



NEW MONEY MERCHANTS

Savings & Loan Men Teach Bankers Lesson

A BANK, so the old saying goes, is a place where you can always get a loan—when you don't need one. While this may have been true in the past, bankers are now rapidly changing their ways. The main reason is that some of their major functions are being usurped by some hard-selling upstarts eager to lend money. They are the nation's 6,000 savings and loan associations, which represent the fastest-growing financial business in the U.S. As their name implies, savings and loan associations have two main functions: 1) to help people save their money, 2) to supply mortgage loans for house buyers. At the annual convention of the U.S. Savings and Loan League in Los Angeles last week, savings and loan men took stock of how they are doing in both fields—and found that they are doing far better than the banks.

Last year, of the \$8.1 billion that went into savings accounts, 44% went into savings and loan associations (which have about 1.4 million members) v. only 35% into commercial banks and 21% into savings banks. Last year they handled some 37% of all home-mortgage loans, more than the commercial and savings banks combined, and more than four times the share of the insurance companies. With an estimated total of more than \$8 billion in mortgage loans being written this year alone, the associations are financing one in every four new houses being built in the U.S. Assets of the nation's savings and loan associations have tripled since the war to a record of some \$30 billion, and by 1960 savings and loan men expect them to hit \$50 billion.

Behind the spectacular rise of the associations lie many factors, including the growth of the entire economy. While bankers by and large have waited for business to come to them, the savings and loan men have gone out and drummed it up.

As the U.S. changed from a nation of tenants to a nation of homeowners (57% of all non-farm homes are now owned by the people who live in them), savings and loan men took pains to cash in on the trend by concentrating on the mass market. Says the U.S. Savings and Loan League's Executive Vice President Norman Strunk: "We love the guy who walks in with 50 bucks to start a savings account, because we know that in five years he'll probably have several times that in his account—and in the meantime, the chances are good he may have taken out a loan with us."

To get the \$50 guys, savings and

loan men spend upwards of \$20 million a year on advertising—for more, proportionately, than the \$45 million or so spent by banks, whose assets are seven times larger. A number of savings and loan associations offer many traditional banking services, including safe-deposit boxes, travelers' checks and money orders. They also have gifts for new investors, offer special lures for children. Last year 300 associations were using the services of Hopalong Cassidy to promote savings among moppets. But the biggest lure of all is the interest paid on savings. The average savings and loan dividend is 2.8% v. the 1.1% *et seq.*

To counteract these figures, the bankers have been wheeling out some arguments of their own. Bankers complain that many savings and loan associations do not make it clear that they are not banks; that with 83% of their capital tied up in long-term mortgages, they are neither diversified nor able to pay off investors if there should be a sudden rush of withdrawals. Savings and loan men answer that, under law, 6% of their funds are kept in cash or Government bonds, hence are readily liquid, and most accounts are Government-insured, just like most savings accounts. They also argue that the home-mortgage loans of any association, taken in cross section, "are highly diversified, | since | the employment and professions of borrowers vary widely."

At last week's convention in Los Angeles, the U.S. Savings & Loan League laid out a program for Government action. The members, now legally restricted to investing in Government bonds and home mortgages, want permission to invest in certain high-grade corporate stocks. They want permission to make loans up to 90% of appraised value (v. the 80% allowed now), and to extend their loan period from 20 to 25 years. That would mean a \$10,000 house could be bought for only \$61.41 a month v. the current \$68.

Savings and loan men, who have long opposed Government interference in the housing industry, were strongly against the Eisenhower Administration's liberalization of the Federal Housing Act. Since it has been liberalized, they think similar benefits should be extended to their business. There is also a deep-seated belief, as Howard Edgerton says, that "the U.S. doesn't need a liberalized version of the FHA. Private enterprise can do the job better." The postwar record of the associations is the strongest argument that the free-enterprising home-loaners are right.

receivable (about \$3,500,000) to increase dividends (now about 80¢ a share) and buy other small firms, thus diversify the company's production.

Portal to Portal. The Air-Way fight was typical of Promoter Lamb, who likes nothing better than a good scrap. The son of a commercial fisherman, he worked his way through Dartmouth ('24), spent a year each at Harvard and Yale, and then graduated from Western Reserve Law School.

He became a successful corporation lawyer, with such important clients as Canadian Pacific and Willys-Overland. With his fat fees he began buying up his collection of radio stations and companies. At the same time he argued often and well for labor. Most notable victory: the Mt. Clemens Pottery Co. case, which won "portal-to-portal" pay for labor unions and brought \$5 billion in suits against U.S. businessmen (TIME, Feb. 10, 1947 *et seq.*)

Lamb is not worried about his troubles with the FCC, has flatly denied any pro-Communist sympathies. A Republican "until F.D.R. came along, of course," Lamb now claims to be a political independent, campaigned for Dewey in '48 and Stevenson in '52. In his home town, the independent Toledo Blade has been grudgingly inclined to side with him: "Mr. Lamb has always seemed to us to trim his sails to suit his own advantage . . . And we will grant that one has to get up very early in the morning to get the better of him in anything. But a Communist? Bunk!" Lamb has offered a \$10,000 reward for anyone who can prove he was directly or indirectly a Communist Party member.

FOREIGN TRADE

More from Abroad

Foreign firms have repeatedly been low bidders on U.S. federal projects only to have their offers passed over. Reason: the 1933 Buy American Act gives preference to U.S. companies, and in practice domestic bidders have been protected by a 25% price differential. Last week President Eisenhower moved to liberalize the Buy American Act, instructed White House aides to draft an executive order to lower the price preferential. The new figure: around 12%. The move had been foreshadowed earlier this month (TIME, Nov. 15) when a British turbine manufacturer won a million-dollar Government contract with a bid only 11.8% below the nearest U.S. offer.

More From Japan

Many a U.S. manufacturer of sewing machines, ceramics or textiles turns purple when he sees imitations of his wares with a "Made in Japan" label. But last week two top Administration spokesmen told some 2,000 businessmen at the 41st National Foreign Trade Convention in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria that the "Made in Japan" label should appear far oftener in U.S. stores.

Deputy Under Secretary of State Rob-



sharp 'n shiny... made in U. S. A.



CRUCIBLE

first name in special purpose steels

54 years of *Fine* steelmaking

CRUCIBLE STEEL COMPANY OF AMERICA, GENERAL SALES OFFICES, OLIVER BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

MIDLAND WORKS, MIDLAND, PA. • SPAULDING WORKS, HARRISON, N. J. • PARK WORKS, PITTSBURGH, PA. • SPRING WORKS, PITTSBURGH, PA.
SANDERSON-HALCOMB WORKS, SYRACUSE, N. Y. • TRENT TUBE COMPANY, EAST TROY, WISCONSIN • NATIONAL DRAWN WORKS, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO

finish dinner with a *Flourish*



after coffee...
enjoy

B and **B**

the DRIER
liqueur



There is only one proper blending of Benedictine's exquisite flavor with cognac's superb smoothness. It is achieved in Benedictine's own bottling-B&B. The result is perfection... always uniform.

86 Proof

Get 4 of these Benedictine
Liqueur Glasses

Graceful, crystal clear and
smartly styled. Send \$1.75 to
Julius Wile Sons & Co., India
Dept. F-2, Teterboro, N. J.

Let This Seal
Be Your Guide
to Quality



ert Murphy pointed out that Japan is importing about \$200 million a year more than it exports, and the dollar gap is widening steadily as U.S. troops are withdrawn from the country. To make up for the decline, said Murphy, Japanese exports to the U.S. must rise 75%.

To make this possible, said Assistant Commerce Secretary Samuel W. Anderson, the U.S. should cut tariffs on Japanese-made products, and encourage Britain to do the same. Warned Anderson: Japan may slip behind the Bamboo Curtain if it is forced to turn to Red China's markets.

AUTOS

Three More for the Road

Out to dealers last week went three more new entries in Detroit's 1955 auto race.

MERCURY has been completely changed, both inside and out, with a bigger engine (up from 161 to 188 h.p.), tubeless tires, bigger brakes and better shock absorbers.



MERCURY'S NEW MONTCLAIR
Also a Rambler with a waffle grille.

The new models are 1 in. lower, have a wider, cleaner grille, new wrap-around windshields, and slanted headlights for a more rakish look. Mercury's new luxury model, the Montclair, has an even more powerful (198 h.p.) engine and a body that is $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lower (height: 58½ in.) than other Mercurys.

CADILLAC came out with virtually the same body as last year, but boosted engine horsepower from 230 to 250. Cadillac's high-priced (\$5,815) Eldorado convertible is lower (maximum height: 60 in.) and longer, with a pair of new, rocketlike tailfins. Horsepower has been increased to 270, highest for any U.S. stock car.

RAMBLER, which American Motors announced would be the "basic volume car" for both Hudson and Nash this year, looks little different from last year's models except for a new waffle-like grille. Most of the changes are mechanical, including a more rigid body frame, larger front-wheel cutouts for easier turning, and a wider from suspension for greater road stability. Prices have been cut to make it "competitive" with the cheapest Fords, Chevrolets and Plymouths.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Musical Wheaties. As a new promotional gimmick for Wheaties, General Mills has bought 12 million plastic phonograph records (sample ditties: *Dixie*, *Three Little Fishies*) from Rainbow Record Corp., Los Angeles. The records are a cut-out part of the Wheaties box, can be played on any 78 r.p.m. phonograph.

Distant Talker. American Telephone & Telegraph has started installing a "distant talking" telephone that picks up conversations within a radius of 5 ft. from the phone, thus permitting several persons to take part in a telephone conference. The set, which includes a microphone and loudspeaker, looks like a conventional phone, can be used by switching on a volume control switch. Price: \$6 a month more than standard phones.

3-D Camera. Sears, Roebuck & Co. has brought out a 3-D box camera, for \$17.50, considerably cheaper than other 3-D cam-

eras. The outfit includes mounting cards and stereoviewer. The unit is actually two cameras fastened together, and each can be used separately.

Self-Sealing Sugar Bag. To keep brown sugar from drying out and hardening, Godchaux Sugars Inc., New Orleans, has developed a new wax-and-paper lining which acts as a self-sealing package. An inner layer of flexible wax plugs any cracks in the liner, seals in the moisture. Price: 2 lbs., 75¢.

Stair Climber. A two-wheeled, power-driven hand truck has been developed by the Valley Craft Products Inc., Lake City, Minn., to take heavy loads up or down stairs or ramps. A special ratchet mechanism allows the "Stair Cart" to climb stairs, a powerful enough to lift a 200-lb. load straight up a 4-ft. wall. Price: about \$100.

Burner Control. The Florence Stove Co., Chicago, Ill., has incorporated in its new models the first thermostat control for a top-of-the-stove burner. A thermostat automatically controls the gas flame, gives a constant temperature (200° to 400°) to cooking dishes. Price: from \$269.95 to \$379.95.

These securities, though registered, have not been approved or disapproved by the Securities and Exchange Commission which does not pass on the merits of any registered securities.

Not a New Issue

November, 17, 1954

1,300,000 Shares Campbell Soup Company Capital Stock (\$1.80 Par Value)

Application has been made to list the Capital Stock on the New York Stock Exchange.

Price \$39.25 per Share

The following is a brief outline of information contained in the Prospectus relating to the Capital Stock and is subject to the more detailed statements in the Prospectus and Registration Statement which include important information not outlined or indicated herein. The offering of these shares is made only by the Prospectus.

THE COMPANY Campbell Soup Company, incorporated in New Jersey in 1922, is the largest manufacturer, in the United States and Canada combined, of canned soups, spaghetti and blended vegetable juices and the second largest manufacturer of canned pork and beans and tomato juice. The Company markets its products under the well-known brand names "Campbell's", "Franco-American" and "V-N".

CAPITAL STOCK The authorized securities of the Company consist of 11,000,000 shares of Capital Stock, \$1.80 par value, of which 1,300,000 shares are outstanding. 11,730,000 shares are reserved for issuance under a salaried employees' stock option plan. Each outstanding share is fully paid and non-assessable and entitled to dividends as declared by the Board of Directors. Each such share has one vote, and any action requiring assent at a meeting of two-thirds in interest of the stockholders may be taken by two-thirds in interest of the stockholders represented at such meeting.

UNDERWRITING Subject to certain conditions, the Underwriters have agreed to purchase the 1,300,000 shares from the Trustees under the Will of Dr. John T. Dorrance and no part of the proceeds will be received by the Company.

The Trustees will own about 55% of the outstanding shares after the sale of these shares and certain sales by them to key employees, and assuming issuance of all shares reserved under the salaried employees' stock option plan. The aggregate underwriting discounts and commissions amount to \$2,275,000.

EARNINGS The following summary of consolidated earnings has been examined by Price Waterhouse & Co., independent accountants, whose opinion thereon appears in the Prospectus.

Fiscal Year July 31	Net sales	Cost of products manufactured	Income before income taxes and provision for profits and losses	Taxes on Income— Excluding provision for profits and losses	Other	Net income	Per Share Income Dividends declared
1939	\$ 65,470,696	\$ 43,949,391	\$13,967,961	—	2,456,448	\$11,457,513	\$1.15 \$4.25
1940	76,566,801	48,929,477	18,015,443	\$ 162,171	3,273,375	14,579,797	1.46 0.85
1941	89,083,548	58,873,173	29,746,686	1,086,613	5,179,840	14,489,151	1.45 0.60
1942	97,007,777	59,000,000	23,007,777	1,086,613	8,677,777	13,300,772	1.30 0.60
1943	113,572,813	82,567,719	34,978,030	6,888,164	8,611,499	11,320,362	1.35 0.60
1944	117,853,981	89,441,188	22,622,641	4,378,997	6,558,550	10,993,094	1.10 0.60
1945	138,346,695	104,606,198	26,165,286	B-291,237	6,663,3240	11,360,869	1.13 0.60
1946	146,000,000	120,000,000	23,000,000	2,200,000	8,000,000	11,100,000	0.90 0.60
1947	166,247,352	132,594,158	36,510,934	11,259	13,827,861	22,570,971	2.26 0.80
1948	225,927,646	179,557,555	30,948,896	20,217	11,528,936	18,549,743	1.85 0.80
1949	240,000,000	200,000,000	32,971,844	—	12,562,305	20,409,539	2.04 0.80
1950	266,389,053	176,150,388	34,238,665	18,949,159	20,409,427	21,511,161	2.13 1.60
1951	299,313,855	215,280,721	51,948,278	5,297,060	25,348,643	21,310,555	2.13 1.60
1952	366,673,839	231,354,943	51,843,050	5,003,423	26,752,095	19,928,532	1.99 1.20
1953	327,553,990	240,000,000	32,320,777	4,000,000	27,320,531	21,200,466	2.13 1.20
1954	346,000,000	255,110,823	52,291,595	1,793,938	28,844,405	23,563,257	2.36 1.20

Per share net income and dividends declared are stated on the basis of the 10,000,000 shares of Capital Stock into which the previously outstanding 1,000,000 shares were changed on November 16, 1954.

DIVIDENDS A dividend of 37 1/2¢ per share has been declared payable January 31, 1955 to stockholders of record January 4, 1955. The Board of Directors proposes to consider payment of dividends in the future on a quarterly basis.

PROPERTY The Company and subsidiaries own and operate major plants at Camden, New Jersey; Chicago, Illinois; Sacramento, California; and New Toronto, Ontario. These plants operate throughout the year, each manufacturing a complete or almost complete line of products. Smaller seasonal plants are located in Ohio, Maryland, Indiana and Ontario.

IN CONNECTION WITH THIS OFFERING, THE UNDERWRITERS MAY OVER-ALLOT OR REFUSE TRANSACTIONS WHICH STABILIZE OR MAINTAIN THE MARKET PRICE OF THE CAPITAL STOCK AT A LEVEL ABOVE THAT WHICH MIGHT OTHERWISE PREVAIL IN THE OPEN MARKET. SUCH STABILIZING, IF COMMENCED, MAY BE DISCONTINUED AT ANY TIME.

Further information, particularly financial information, is contained in the Registration Statement on file with the Commission and in the more complete Prospectus which must be furnished to each purchaser and is obtainable from such of the several Underwriters as are registered dealers in securities in this State.

The First Boston Corporation

Blyth & Co., Inc.

Goldman, Sachs & Co.

Harriman Ripley & Co.

Kidder, Peabody & Co.

Incorporated

Lehman Brothers

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane

Smith, Barney & Co.

White, Weld & Co.

Drexel & Co.

Eastman, Dillon & Co.

Stone & Webster Securities Corporation

Dean Witter & Co.

Clark, Dodge & Co.

Dominick & Dominick

Hemphill, Noyes & Co.

Hornblower & Weeks

Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis

BOOKS

The Juvenile Carroll

USEFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE POETRY (45 pp.)
—Lewis Carroll—Macmillan (\$2.50).

*The juvenile Jenkins was jumping with joy,
As he sported him over the sandy lea;
In his small fat hand there was many a toy
And many a cake in his mouth had he . . .*

Some 20 years before he sat on a sunny riverbank spinning the tale of *Alice in Wonderland* for the benefit of three entranced little girls, the man who became immortal as Lewis Carroll wrote these lines for his brother and sister (aged seven and five) at a rectory at Croft. During the years that followed, as he grew up to become a clergyman, a teacher and a mathematician, the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson kept his alter ego, Carroll, well hidden from disapproving adult eyes. Carroll the storyteller preferred to save his voice for only the very young. In this slim volume, readers will have a chance to judge Lewis Carroll's earliest efforts to please his young listeners. All 16 poems, now published together for the first time in the U.S., were written and illustrated by him when he was only 13.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about them is that most of them read very much like the works of a 13-year-old—precocious, well-behaved and well-read beyond his years but a teen-ager nonetheless. Dedicated Carrolls will find few clues of the greatness to come. *The Headstrong Man* who

*. . . stood on high
Upon a lofty wall;
And every one who passed him by,
Called out "I fear you'll fall."*

might be a preview of Humpty Dumpty or that even greater exponent of waywardness, Father William. But where Carroll's Humpty crashed to his fate in magnificent indifference and Father William went right on standing on his head, the Headstrong Man is easily brought to earth with a thrown handful of sand and a thoroughly sententious Victorian moral:

*"If headstrong men will stand like me,
Nor yield to good advice,
All that they can expect will be,
To get sand in their eyes."*

Such other blunt moral precepts as "Don't get drunk" or "Keep your wits about you," added to several poems, suggest the testy future schoolmaster. But in one impious song of fraternal friction, there is a glimpse of the irreverence that shocked many a later-Victorian reader:

*"Sister! do not rouse my wrath,
I'd make you into mutton broth
As easily as kill a moth."*

To which the moral is appended: "Never stew your sister."



"JUVENILE JENKINS" (BY CARROLL)
A little boy's task is not to ask.

Here and there in his earliest work, the teen-age poet experiments with the echoes of Byron and Coleridge that gave grace to such later ethereal nonsense as the White Knight's song in *Through the Looking-Glass*—a minor classic if read through half-closed eyes in a willing suspension of common sense. In *Clara*, young Carroll writes:

*With rays of light through the murky night
She makes the dark as noon,
Oh! would I were a screech owl now,
To woo the yellow moon!*

But only the rhythms and the rhymes are there to sustain him. The true Lewis Carroll could only come later. Few children learn to love the Alice books at first sight. Their magic is too much born of the



ENCYCLOPEDIST DIDEROT
Mental age 12 or 100?

loneliness, and the longing of a witty and sophisticated adult to return again to the gentle irresponsibilities of childhood and to view from there the absurdities of adult life. As a man, Lewis Carroll was an inspired escapist. As a boy, he seemed merely too anxious to be grown-up. His bitterest plaint is that against a Victorian Good Fairy who

*When once a meal I wished to taste
It said "You must not bite."*

*When to the wars I went in haste,
It said "You must not fight."*

*"What may I do?" At length I cried,
Tired of the painful task,
The fairy quietly replied,
And said "You must not ask."*

Reason's Playboy

THE ENMATTLED PHILOSOPHER (442 pp.)
—Lester G. Crocker—Michigan State College (\$6.50).

French Philosopher Denis Diderot had the intellectual brilliance that sparkled in an 18th century drawing room, but he sometimes found less conventional ways to display his native gifts. When a lady painter who was doing his portrait objected that his clothes hid his neck, the eminent thinker silently retired behind a curtain and reappeared a moment later "as naked as a worm."

"I should never have dared to suggest it," the lady painter fluttered, "but you have done well and I thank you."

Many a woman probably said the same thing to dashing Denis Diderot, but for another reason. "Look for women who won't make you sigh too long," young Denis advised. "They amuse as much as the others; they take less time; you possess them without worries and leave them without regrets." Up in Paris from the provinces, where he almost took vows of chastity and became a priest, Diderot followed his own advice and lived the left-bank *vir de Bohème*, made up of much talk, not enough food and more than enough love.

It was then, as a student, that Diderot caught that insidious 18th century disease: a chronic high fever to know everything. *The Embattled Philosopher* tells the story of how Denis Diderot, philosopher, encyclopedist, playwright, novelist, art critic, conversationalist and lover, came to personify the French 18th century, and how he created the intellectual Trojan horse that led to the downfall of the Bourbon monarchy. It is the first biography of Diderot to appear in English in three-quarters of a century, and it is a good one. Author Lester G. Crocker, a Goucher College professor and former movie writer, knows how to blow the dust off his subject and bring both an 18th century personality and his ideas to life.

The Big Idea. Papa Diderot objected to his son's studies, but let him be until he learned that Denis planned to marry. He then had the young lover imprisoned in a monastery with a *lettre de cachet*. But Denis escaped, dashed after his

Frank Yerby



Erika—European

THE GOLDEN CORN: HE WRITES TO PLEASE

FRANK GARVIN YERBY, 38, probably makes more money from books than any novelist now writing in the U.S. In eight years he has produced eight historical novels which have sold 8,000,000 copies in hard covers alone (*The Saracen Blade*, *The Vixens*, *The Golden Hawk*, etc.). Doubleday's Dollar Book Club (nearly 750,000 members) has picked seven of the eight, and the Literary Guild has often used Yerby's novels as "gift books" to attract new members. Sales of the novels in paperback editions now total 3,500,000 copies. Since 1946, when *The Foxes of Harrow* first jumped to the top of the bestseller lists, Yerby's books have earned him an estimated \$1,000,000 (exclusive of movie and magazine rights). The really intriguing item in this success story is that Yerby is a Negro—a Negro whose stuff is just as terrible (and entertaining) as any white author's.

A torrential storyteller who has been compared with France's famed mulatto novelist, Alexandre Dumas, Yerby says: "Dumas was proud of his race, and so am I, but I don't flaunt it." Few of the Southern housewives who buy Yerby's slick melodramas of sex, sadism and violence know that their favorite author is a Negro. Nothing in his stories of strutting white aristocrats, swooning heiresses and yassuhing darkies would declare it, and jacket blurbs, noting that the Georgia-born author formerly taught at Florida A. & M. and Louisiana's Southern University, leave it to the reader to know that these are Negro colleges.

Yerby shuns both literary parties and Negro causes. He has been accused by some writers in the Negro press of racial disloyalty. But others, such as Novelist Ralph (*The Invisible Man*) Ellison, count it a score for Negroes that Yerby has won pre-eminence in a general field without regard to his race.

Twelve years ago he was a foundryman in a Detroit war plant. Today Yerby lives on the French Riviera with his tiny, light-skinned wife Flora and their four children. When he is not whipping out profitable prose in his villa garden in Cimiez, Nice, Author Yerby goes skin-diving in the Mediterranean, skiing in the Alps or whizzing off in his Jaguar XK 120 to attend sports-car races.

Yerby started out trying to write "serious" fiction. In 1944 he worked up a Richard Wrightesque novel about a boy in the steel mills. "A perfectly terrible book," says Yerby now. "I was in love with Bessmer furnaces—an unrewarding

kind of a romance." Yerby then made his decision. He quit his foundry job and went to New York. He told the Dial Press's George Joel, the only publisher who had shown a faint interest in his steel-mill epic, that he wanted to try a fast historical opus. On the strength of 27 pages turned out in one night (by day Yerby worked in a plane factory), Joel gave him a \$250 advance. The book became *The Foxes of Harrow*.

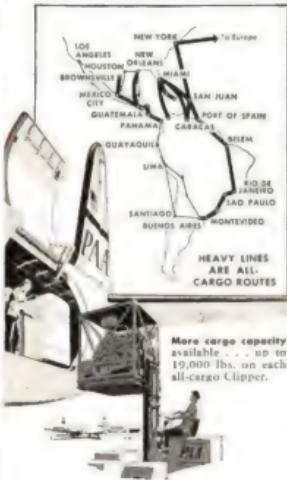
Yerby sometimes talks of writing "something really good eventually—when I'm 50 or 55 perhaps." In the meantime, "I write the kind of books I write because it's the only kind I know how to write. Besides, I don't think it's the writer's job to try to change moral, political and religious beliefs. For all Tolstoy's arguing, people go back to Anna Karenina for Anna and that's all."

Yerby never lacks for story ideas. "I have always started a new novel before I finished the last," he says. When his publishers ask for changes, likely as not he will write them a completely different version in four or five weeks. He writes so fast that a manuscript reportedly reached the editors with a notation for a scene still unwritten: "Hop into bed comes here."

In his new novel, *Benton's Row* (Dial: \$3.50), Yerby has returned to his old Louisiana stamping grounds. Big bad Tom Benton outgallops a posse into the arms of a preacher's wife by page 7, and thereafter Bentons, legitimate and illegitimate, brawl, seduce, spawn, cheat and die in comic-book profusion. Having caught his daughter Stormy hedged down with a neighbor boy, the big bad man takes a mule-skinner's whip to her: "Fire exploded behind Tom Benton's eyes. A black hood closed down over his head. He brought the whip whining whistling down, not even hearing the sick, wet smashing sound it made biting into her . . . He picked her up. She lolled in his arms like a rag doll, limp and boneless . . . 'Here,' he said harshly [to his wife], 'take your daughter.'"

After drowning his sorrows in drink, Tom Benton wakes up in a New Orleans bawdyhouse, returns home to be knifed by an outraged father; Stormy becomes a well-kept woman, finally marries an aging millionaire Yankee. Already chosen by the Dollar Book Club, Yerby's ninth novel should win him his ninth jackpot.

Says Yerby: "I write to please the widest possible audience." All great writers, he feels, have done that.



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cherie, married her and almost immediately stopped loving her. There followed a succession of mistresses. The first was expensive and forced him to write his early books about philosophy to provide her with pocket money. The second was Sophie Diderot's great love. "Ah," he rhapsodized, "what a woman! How tender she is, how sweet, honest, delicate, sensible!" But she was hardly a beauty. At 38, she was well past the first blush of youth. Nevertheless he wrote her lovingly: "My dear, I kiss your brow, your eyes, and your dried-up little face . . ."

Meanwhile, Diderot had been offered a hack job revising an English encyclopedia and had stumbled on the big idea of his life. The idea was not to attempt a one-man encyclopedia similar to most of those already in existence, but to launch a monumental group effort to wrap up all the knowledge scattered over the surface of the earth" in one work of many volumes. The conception was both grandiose and absurd, but not so absurd that a shrewd publisher failed to back it. Diderot was the leading spirit behind the enterprise, "a volcano in permanent eruption." He wrote on everything from stock exchange to Spinoza, and had the collaboration of Voltaire on grace and wit, of Jean-Jacques Rousseau on music, of Montesquieu on taste, of D'Alembert on mathematics and of Turgot on economics.

But *ancien régime* bigwigs considered Diderot a troublemaker, along with other suspect writers and scientists. Work on the encyclopedia was interrupted. Diderot was imprisoned for 3½ months. After all, he believed that "liberty is a gift of heaven, and every individual of the human species has the right to enjoy it as soon as he enjoys reason."

Victory in 28 Volumes. But when Diderot got out of jail, after writing an apologetic letter, the interrupted work went on. Its new ideas permeated French society, penetrated even the palace, where Madame de Pompadour took an interest. At last, after 26 years and 28 volumes, i.e. of text, eleven of plates, Diderot's job was completed. It stood as a model (later surpassed) for future encyclopedias, and with all its mistakes and weaknesses, it perfectly expressed the tolerant rationalistic materialism of the Age of Reason.

In the meantime the embattled philosopher had spread his range: written some plays (successful), some novels (pornographic); some candid art criticism (about a painting showing Joseph turning his back on Potiphar's voluptuous wife, he commented: "I can't imagine what Jacob's son could have wanted; I wouldn't have asked for any better, and I have often settled for less").

Fun with Catherine. He was a gay, light-hearted fellow, easily moved to speech and hard to stop once he started talking. After a visit to him, old Voltaire dryly commented: "Nature has refused him one talent, and an essential talent: that of the dialogue."

Crowned heads of Europe wanted Diderot as a featured attraction at their courts. He steadfastly refused to meet



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In fact, an average of *one new industry a day*—large enough to require spur track facilities—has located along Southern Pacific lines alone during the past twenty-five years.

The large photograph above is a typical example of the Golden Empire's growth. Some of the plants shown are these: a cash register company, an aircraft plant, a construction firm, a furniture factory, an engine works... 11 diversified industries in this one relatively small but representative area.

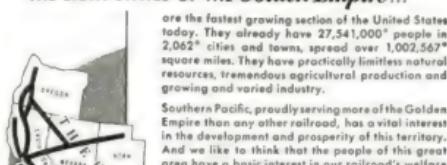
And there's the key: *Diversification! One of the most important factors in the Golden Empire's dynamic growth.*

For in diversification there is strength. And the Golden Empire has such varied industry, agriculture and natural resources that a setback in one activity or locality is likely to be offset by an increase in productiveness somewhere else.

Yes, it's diversification that helps create the stable, steadily expanding economy the Golden Empire enjoys. And since the fortunes of Southern Pacific are so closely related to those of the area we serve, this diversification helps assure a sound and steady growth for Southern Pacific itself.

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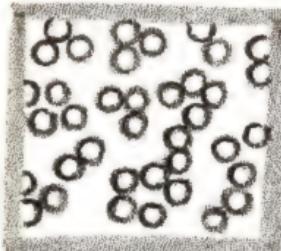
ore the fastest growing section of the United States today. They already have 27,541,000* people in 2,062* cities and towns, spread over 1,002,567* square miles. They have practically limitless natural resources, tremendous agricultural production and growing and varied industry.

Southern Pacific, proudly serving more of the Golden Empire than any other railroad, has a vital interest in the development and prosperity of this territory. And we like to think that the people of this great area have a basic interest in our railroad's welfare and progress.

*Source: U. S. Dept. of Commerce

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Frederick the Great, considering the Prussian monarch a tyrant, Catherine the Great proved more appealing. She subsidized the philosopher by buying his library and paying him to keep and care for it. At her court, he made free as always with word and gesture, and afterwards the monarch of all the Russias complained: "I can't get out of my conversations with him without having my thighs bruised and black and blue: I have been obliged to put a table between him and me to shelter myself and my limbs from his gesticulations." It was also Catherine who pronounced a brilliant verdict on most of the 18th century sages when she told Diderot: "Sometimes you seem to have the head of a man 100 years old, at other times that of a child of twelve."

His mind was rich and lively, but it was unsystematic and inconsistent. He contributed no one major idea to philosophy or the history of thought, but, like Voltaire, was a great popularizer and propagator of the new gospel. It is the reason why in his day he was so profoundly important, and why today he is more likely to be read about than read.

Five years after his death in 1784, the Bastille fell.

Stoic Emperor

HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS (313 pp.)—Marquer Yourcenar—Farrar, Straus & Young (\$4).

This book has about as much in common with the run of historical novels as a Roman bust with Marilyn Monroe's. The novel deals with the turbulent second century, but French Author Yourcenar shuns sex and sadism, keeps the defenseless slave maidens in the background and the Saturianitis under control. She allows the sick and aging Emperor Hadrian, ruler of the Western world, to tell his own story in a letter to his 17-year-old adopted grandson, Marcus Aurelius. Hadrian enjoys a good orgy from time to time as much as the next Roman, and he practices the empire's fashionable perversions. But he is far more deeply interested in the uses of power and the nature of the soul.

As a young soldier he has courage, stamina and ambition. He admits: "I desired the supreme power . . . to become my full self before I died." As emperor he proves ruthless and gifted, fighting the imperial wars, defending the Roman peace reorganizing Britain and the Rhine frontier. Above all, the book shows how the soldier-monarch, despite his successes in holding together the large, unwieldy empire, turns inward and becomes more and more the scholarly stoic, meditating on history, immortality and death. His last words are: "Let us try, if we can, to enter into death with open eyes."

Author Yourcenar's portrait is chiseled in stone. An expertly researched novel, it has won two literary prizes in France. What it lacks in pace, it makes up in stateliness and thoughtful writing about the man who first called Rome eternal and did his share to make her so.

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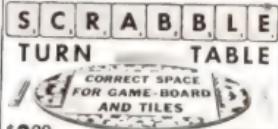
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OIL-The American Farmer's "Silent Partner"

by DR. HARRY J. REED, *Dean of Agriculture, Purdue University*

THE record shows that today's farmer is able to feed 15 people—against 9 in 1920. This increase in America's farm production would have been impossible without the help of many "silent partners"—industries that have given the farmer more horsepower for his work.

Here in Indiana we have a half million more cattle than we were able to feed before World War I. They now get the hay and pasture that used to feed more than a half

million horses—work animals that have been replaced on Hoosier farms by tractors, combines and other oil powered machines.

In the last 20 years, Indiana farmers have added a million acres of soybeans to their crop production. Certainly the money-saving efficiency of the combine has gone far in popularizing this crop.

100 years ago it took 5 man-hours to produce a bushel of corn. This year it is possible for farmers to do

it in about four minutes, assuming normal weather and moisture. Overall, output per man-hour of labor has increased by 45 percent since 1940.

What have America's oil companies contributed to all this?

Well, the products of petroleum today are powering 4,400,000 tractors and 940,000 combines in the United States. Also adding to the efficiency of farm and man in this country are more than 2,500,000 trucks and almost 4,500,000 automobiles. Improved crop drying equipment speeds up the farm job. Oil-based insect sprays and tractor mounted sprayers for the fields can all claim some of the credit for modern farm efficiency.

The census takers predict 200 million Americans for farmers to feed by 1975. That is going to call for continued progress on the land—and continued progress, too, from all the people in education, science and industry who serve the farmer.

Of course, there is a very good reason why the oil companies have served the farmer well. The American farmer is a discriminating buyer and the competition for his business is keen. Any oil company that wants its share of the farmer's dollar has to be progressive. It seems to me that this competition is our best guarantee that the oil industry will keep meeting the needs of American agriculture in the years ahead.



Dr. Harry J. Reed, Dean of the School of Agriculture and Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station and the Agricultural Extension Service at Purdue University, is a member of the Advisory Committee on Research to the U. S. Department of Agriculture. In 1953 he headed the State Department's mission to Pakistan during the drought that prompted America's gift of 700,000 tons of wheat. This year he headed the American Agricultural Trade Mission to Latin America, which sought wider markets for U. S. farm products.

This is one of a series of reports by outstanding Americans who were invited to examine the job being done by the U. S. oil industry. This page is presented for your information by The American Petroleum Institute, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

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That is because constantly improving techniques, such as power shovels that scoop up to 17 tons in a bucketful, turn immense bodies of what was once considered just rock into multi-million dollar mining projects. Today, copper is being extracted profitably from ores with an average metal content of only 0.85%. As the grade of ore which can be mined commercially becomes lower, copper reserves are multiplied. These factors, together with further exploration of present sites, and new discoveries, are progressively extending our copper supplies.

Current projects in the United States alone will provide a net increase in productive capacity of $\frac{1}{4}$ million tons of copper annually by 1956. This is a gain of more than 25% over 1953 figures. Similarly, substantial increases are being reported from foreign sources, thus satisfying the growing world demand and making more copper available for U. S. import. In addition to this primary copper, steady increases in scrap receipts are further adding to the total copper supply.

In the search for both quality and economy, American industry has found that it pays to use copper and brass. Ease of fabrication, high conductivity of heat and electricity, corrosion resistance, and a host of other desirable qualities simplify production problems and produce a handsome, durable product. This unique combination of properties has resulted in a steady increase in copper consumption. Except for temporary disturbances, to which any industry is subject, the output of copper has always been ample to satisfy these demands.

Every day brings new developments made possible by copper and copper alloys. From the heart of an atom smasher and the huge generators and heat exchangers of nuclear power stations to the multitude of electrical and electronic gadgets which makes modern life so pleasant, copper continues to hold the key to progress. *We've only scratched the surface.*

Ask your supplier how copper and brass can help you.

Copper or its alloys provide these advantages:



Best conductor
of electricity
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Does not rust...
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resistance.



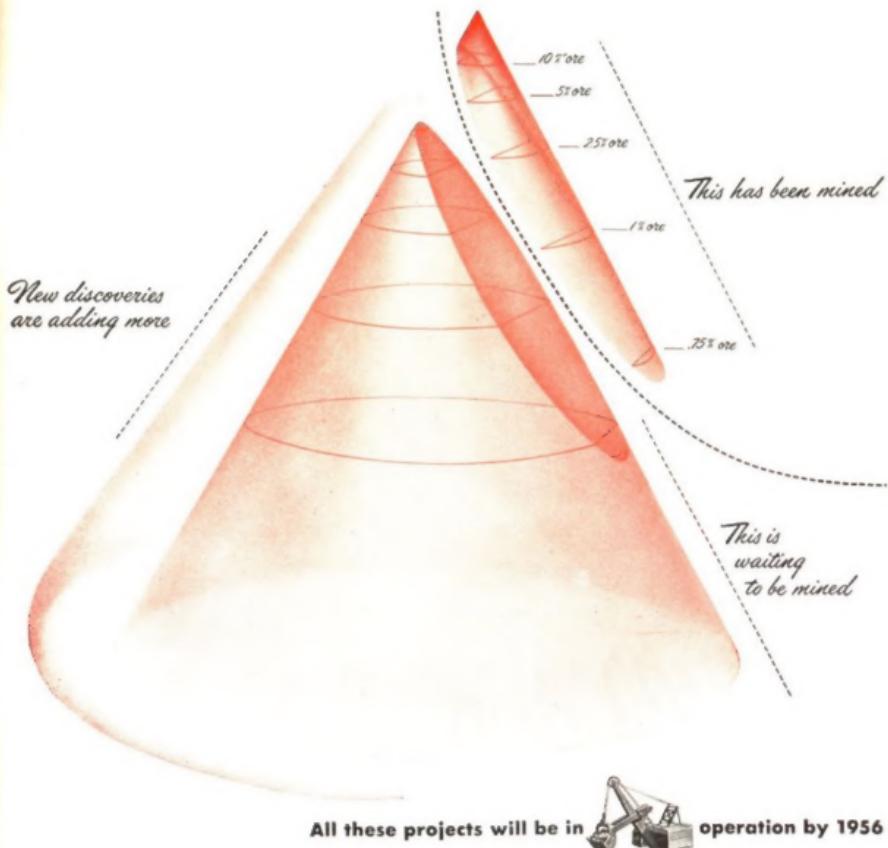
Best heat transfer
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Easy to machine,
form, draw, stamp,
polish, plate, etc.



Weld readily...
excellent for soldering
and brazing.



If all the copper ore in the U. S. were placed in one huge pile it would look something like this. As a rule, reserves have been mapped out precisely only at the site of mining operations and then only to the extent immediate plans require. There is no indication that a limit is being approached and reserves of ore appear adequate to maintain U. S. mine production at a high level indefinitely.

For instance, there are eleven new copper mining projects, both open pit and underground, which will be put in operation by 1956. Six of them have already started production. An estimated net of 250,000 tons of copper will be added to annual domestic mine capacity. The known reserves of these projects alone total over one billion tons of ore.

Project	Planned Production— Tons Copper per year	Start of Operation
Copper Cities, Arizona	22,500	Operating
Deep Ruth, Nevada	18,000	1955
Greater Butte Project, Montana	45,000	Operating
Kimbley Pit, Nevada	9,000	Operating
Lavender Pit, Arizona	38,000	Operating
Miami Extension, Arizona	11,500	1955
Osceola Mine, Michigan	7,000	1955
San Manuel, Arizona	70,000	1956
Silver Bell, Arizona	18,000	Operating
White Pine, Michigan	35,000	Early 1955
Yerington, Nevada	33,000	Operating



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MISCELLANY

Wild Blue Yonder. In Milwaukee, police looked for William Ferguson, lecturer (at \$1 a head) on the wonders of Mars, after he 1) tried to sell Policewoman Mary Smeaton a brain-relaxing helmet and other souvenirs he said he brought back from his trip to the planet in 1947; 2) told her she would return to her home planet Saturn after 14,000 more years; 3) rhapsodized about Martian food, which the body absorbs without the need for elimination, and Martian water, which can be swum in without getting wet.

Short Change. In Camden, N.J., U.S. Internal Revenue Service Auditor Elmer T. Ponto, 34, devised a simplified income-tax table which has already saved the Government \$95,109 and is expected to save \$250,000 annually. was rewarded with a \$675 cash prize, less \$121.50 tax, which added enough to his year's income to throw him into a higher tax bracket.

The Long Voyage Home. In Cologne, after he had joined the French Foreign Legion to escape arrest, been captured at Dienbienphu, repatriated through Russia and finally returned to Cologne, Ludwig Mende, 33, meekly faced the music, starting a five-month stretch for selling two radios for which he had not paid.

Clarification. In Manchester, N.H., the Grenier Air Force Base added, to the 300-or-so reports it handles every month, one more: a *Report on the Number of Man-Hours Expended on a Report on the Necessity and Value of Reports Made to the Air Force*.

Guilt Complex. In Mount Pleasant, Texas, after he had 1) robbed a liquor store, 2) robbed and kidnapped a cab driver, 3) threatened the driver until he leaped from his cab and let it smash into a concrete wall, James K. Justice, 28, remarked ruefully to arresting officers: "I guess I'll have to go to jail for this."

Gourmet. In West New York, N.J., Mrs. Helen Schroeder told a judge that when she asked her husband if he wanted bacon and eggs, he hurled a shaving mug at her, punched her in the eye, shouted: "My stomach isn't a garbage can!"

Forked Tongue. In Baltimore, Ralph Brickerd, 57, displayed a sign reading DEAF AND DUMB, PLEASE HELP TO City Patrolman George T. Hughes, was asked what he meant by it, readily replied: "It's a fast way to make a buck," was arrested for the 140th time.

A Leg to Stand On. In Taunton, England, one-legged Steelworker Howard James Challenger, 22, charged with breaking and entering the home of his former landlady, was acquitted after the jury accepted his story that he only wanted to reclaim the false leg he had left as security on unpaid rent 18 months before.



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GIFT IN 23 CARAT GOLD

A leaf of genuine 23 carat gold is packed with
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Write it your own personal message or greetings
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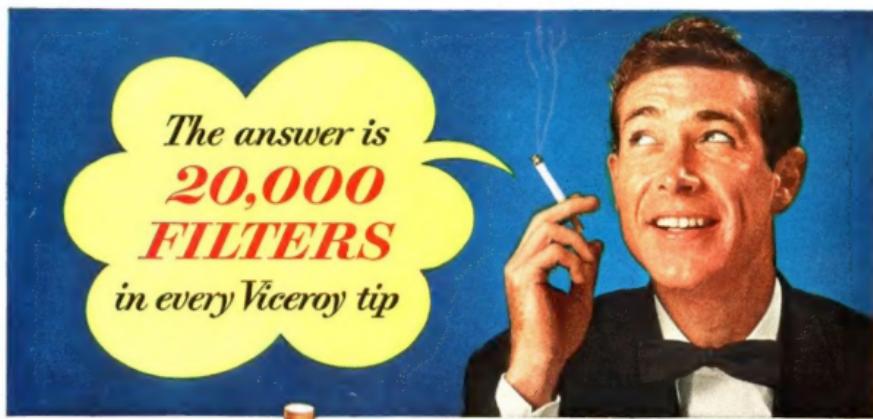
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